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THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)
PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)
Vol. CV, No. 3 New York, April 19, 1930 Whole Number 2087

TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

ALL STATES JOIN IN A 3,175,972-VOTE CHORUS

FOUR NEW VOICES now make themselves heard—those of Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, and Wyoming.

Also a mysterious stranger horns in at the foot of the column. His name is State Unknown, and he represents 24,614 perfectly eligible ballots which are not marked with the name of any State.

All the States of the Union have now answered THE DIGEST's roll-call—and the ballots are still piling up in a record-breaking poll which already exceeds the record-making Hoover-Smith poll by almost half a million.

With 659,900 new votes in the poll, we get totals of 915,681 votes for enforcement, 951,475 for modification and 1,308,816 for repeal.

Drys not voting? Then some Aladdin with a wonderful lamp must be plugging for the Eighteenth Amendment, for 203,132 bone-dry ballots have poured in since last week!

Arizona, as will be seen when the reader turns to the tabulation, looks dampish; Nevada, dripping; New Mexico, so-so; Wyoming, wettish.

In the entire poll so far only four States—Connecticut, Louisiana, New Jersey, and Rhode Island—give absolute majorities, very small ones, to repeal. Only one, Kansas, gives a majority to enforcement—and how!

An obliging arithmetician furnishes us with an analysis of the poll up to date, with totals and percentages all complete, arranged according to geographical sections of the United States.

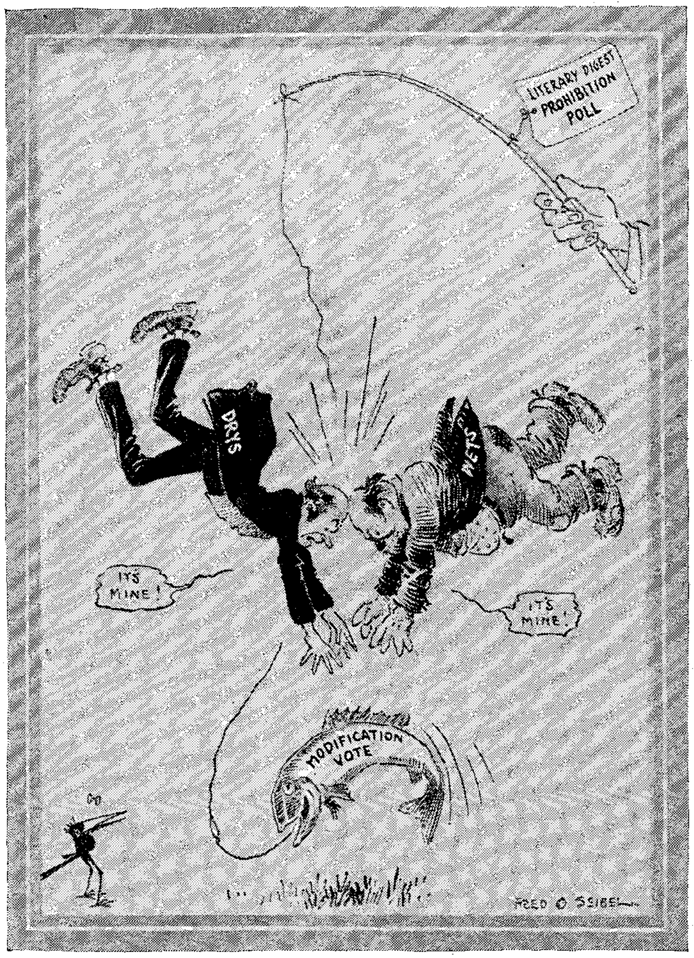
Glancing at the sectional totals of this analysis we find these average ratios:

New England (Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut): Enforcement, 27.8 per cent.; modification, 27.55 per cent.; repeal, 45.37 per cent.

Middle Atlantic (New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania): Enforcement, 21.11; modification, 29.93; repeal, 48.96.

East North Central (Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin): Enforcement, 28.80; modification, 31.38; repeal, 39.82.

West North Central (Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas): Enforcement, 37.85; modification, 28.04; repeal, 34.11.



WHOSE FISH?

—Seibel in the Richmond *Times-Dispatch.*

Now we turn to the South.

South Atlantic (Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida): Enforcement, 34.05; modification, 28.08; repeal, 37.87.

East South Central (Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi): Enforcement, 39.85; modification, 26.73; repeal, 33.42.

West South Central (Arkansas, Louisiana, Oklahoma, and Texas): Enforcement, 43.28; modification, 27.44; repeal, 29.28.

And now for the bounding West!

Mountain States (Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Nevada): Enforcement, 37.75; modification, 29.79; repeal, 32.46.

Pacific (Washington, Oregon, and California): Enforcement, 32.16; modification, 33.72; repeal, 35.12.

Finally, we come to the mysterious stranger, "State Unknown." Quite a dry stranger, with a quantity and apportionment of ballots roughly resembling those of Colorado. The respective percentages of the two in the three columns, taken in order, are:

Colorado, 43.58—31.75—24.67.

State Unknown, 42.57—32.39—25.04.

Why is Monsieur State Unknown so decidedly dryer than the country at large? That is likely to remain a mystery until some psychologist offers a plausible theory to account for more drys than wets omitting to write the name of their State on the ballot. We are likely to see more of the mysterious stranger before the poll closes.

Now we glance down the red-ink percentage columns of the obliging arithmetician in search of ratios of fifty per cent. or over. The only one in the first column is that of Kansas, which remains the banner percentage of the poll—57.90 per cent. for enforcement. No fifties in the modification column. A few in the repeal column—Rhode Island, 51.43 per cent.; Connecticut, 50.32; New Jersey, 50.39; Louisiana, 50.27.

These are more brazenly wet than New York, with 49.94 per cent.; Pennsylvania, with 46.99; Illinois, with 45.98; Wisconsin, with 46.11; Missouri, with 43.57; Delaware, with 48.03; Maryland, with 49.72; District of Columbia, with 45.02; Montana, with 46.18, and Nevada, with 47.35.

On the other hand, Kansas has such sturdy supporters in the first column as North Carolina, with 46.93 per cent.; Tennessee, 48.32; Arkansas, 48.91; Oklahoma, 49.67; Texas, 44.61, and so on.

An increasing number of our dry friends are claiming the modification vote as a legitimate part of their outfit. They are lumping it with the enforcement vote and crediting the total to the policy of retaining the Eighteenth Amendment. They argue that many sincere Prohibitionists, disgusted with the scandals of enforcement, and anxious for reform, have marked the modification square as a compromise, rather than vote either for repeal or for a continuation of present conditions.

On the other hand, the wets consider that they have a clear title to the modification vote, which specifies light wines and beers, and have no hesitation in lumping it with the repeal total as the anti-Prohibition vote.

Obviously the modification vote of 951,475 is a prize worth fighting for. Added to the enforcement vote of 915,681, it would make a total of 1,867,156 in opposition to repeal. Or added to the 1,308,816 repeal vote, it would launch an avalanche of 2,260,291 ballots against the Eighteenth Amendment.

Perhaps the truth should be sought, as usual, somewhere between two extremes. In other words, perhaps the modification column contains both dry and wet votes. If its total up to date were split fifty-fifty between enforcement and repeal, the result would be:

In favor of enforcement, 1,391,419; for repeal, 1,784,554.

But the proportion may be far removed from fifty-fifty, and there is no way of ascertaining it. Possibly, however, some light may be thrown upon it by the proportions of ballots marked in two squares. These were excluded from the count as defective, but they have been saved, and THE DIGEST proposes to have them counted.

Some of the defective ballots are marked for enforcement and modification, others for modification and repeal. It has been suggested that the ratio of these two kinds of double-crossed ballots might be interpreted as an indication of the ratio of dry and wet sentiments embalmed in the modification column.

The idea is an ingenious one. It may or may not be acceptable to all. THE DIGEST does not sponsor it, but, as a disinterested friend of both parties, mentions it for what it may be worth.

A humorous view of this dry-wet competition for the precious modification vote is exprest in the cartoon on the previous page. And speaking of humor, we have received the following letter:

The Oshkosh Brewing Co.
Office 1631 Doty Street,
Oshkosh, Wis.

LITERARY DIGEST,
354-360 Fourth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

We have in our corporation 124 stockholders that requested this

SIXTH REPORT OF THE LITERARY DIGEST PROHIBITION POLL

State	*For Enforcement*	*For Modification*	*For Repeal*	*Total*
ALABAMA	4,984	3,096	3,090	11,170
ARIZONA	682	790	652	2,124
ARKANSAS	5,964	2,967	3,041	11,972
CALIFORNIA	57,237	65,141	72,201	194,579
COLORADO	11,270	8,209	6,379	25,858
CONNECTICUT	11,932	20,952	33,306	66,190
DELAWARE	1,904	1,228	2,894	6,026
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	3,154	3,932	5,801	12,887
FLORIDA	3,339	3,236	4,479	11,054
GEORGIA	7,512	5,593	6,070	19,175
IDAHO	2,866	1,683	2,734	7,283
ILLINOIS	53,514	66,657	102,248	222,419
INDIANA	38,991	29,790	30,452	99,233
IOWA	33,125	23,384	22,710	79,219
KANSAS	33,619	13,815	10,626	58,060
KENTUCKY	10,123	8,482	12,266	30,871
LOUISIANA	2,544	3,654	6,263	12,461
MAINE	6,453	3,949	6,160	16,562
MARYLAND	8,206	8,689	16,701	33,596
MASSACHUSETTS	31,562	27,009	48,412	106,983
MICHIGAN	40,711	47,433	63,089	151,233
MINNESOTA	32,840	33,669	42,818	109,327
MISSISSIPPI	2,962	1,825	2,457	7,244
MISSOURI	37,128	28,602	50,737	116,467
MONTANA	2,209	2,219	3,799	8,227
NEBRASKA	18,475	13,052	11,985	43,512
NEVADA	177	389	509	1,075
NEW HAMPSHIRE	4,502	3,732	3,679	11,913
NEW JERSEY	35,599	59,021	96,081	190,701
NEW MEXICO	697	581	698	1,976
NEW YORK	85,075	154,422	238,909	478,406
NORTH CAROLINA	12,714	7,863	6,514	27,091
NORTH DAKOTA	6,392	6,500	7,735	20,627
OHIO	72,267	76,602	79,101	227,970
OKLAHOMA	11,744	6,255	5,645	23,644
OREGON	12,601	11,593	9,880	34,074
PENNSYLVANIA	100,120	99,414	176,863	376,397
RHODE ISLAND	2,735	3,377	6,471	12,583
SOUTH CAROLINA	3,624	2,569	2,882	9,075
SOUTH DAKOTA	6,390	5,416	4,724	16,530
TENNESSEE	8,967	4,733	4,855	18,555
TEXAS	18,579	11,746	11,315	41,640
UTAH	2,520	2,071	2,040	6,631
VERMONT	2,979	2,192	2,738	7,909
VIRGINIA	11,800	9,714	15,303	36,817
WASHINGTON	17,802	18,057	16,663	52,522
WEST VIRGINIA	8,013	6,873	6,361	21,247
WISCONSIN	15,524	20,304	30,650	66,478
WYOMING	1,074	1,022	1,669	3,765
STATE UNKNOWN	10,480	7,973	6,161	24,614
	915,681	951,475	1,308,816	3,175,972

THE QUESTIONS

1. Do you favor the continuance and strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment and Volstead Law?
2. Do you favor a modification of the Volstead Law to permit light wines and beers?
3. Do you favor a repeal of the Prohibition Amendment?

"What Women Really Say to the Digest Poll"—See the Remarkable Letters on Pages 47, 48, 49, 50, and 51.

letter to be forwarded to you, asking for ballots that they might have the privilege of voting in the Prohibition Poll. If possible, we certainly would appreciate to have these ballots forwarded to us, so that these individuals may vote.

Respectfully, yours,
THE OSHKOSH BREWING CO.,
By A. L. Schwalm, General Manager.

Our dry friends may be relieved to hear that we have denied the request of the Oshkosh Brewing Company, just as firmly as we have denied similar requests from numerous churches and dry organizations. THE DIGEST'S neutrality has the quality required of Cæsar's wife. One bewildered correspondent writes, "Sometimes I think you are dry, and sometimes I think you are wet, and then I find out you are neither."

That is not a bad statement of the case—but it is very difficult for many earnest and nobly aspiring souls to grasp the idea of our neutrality on an issue so emotional to them, and so full of dynamite to the majority, as Prohibition. Hence the unprecedented violence with which THE DIGEST is being attacked on the score of its colossal undertaking to give the people of the whole country a chance to express their true attitude on that vexed issue.

The attacks began when we first announced the poll, and they have continued ever since with shifting angles, but always with increased bitterness, until at length we have to confess that the brickbats are more numerous and hurled with greater initial velocity than in any previous brickbat bombardments we have encountered in the course of all our Presidential polls.

A significant fact in connection with the poll, says the Atlanta *Constitution*, "is that only leading drys are seeking to discount it in advance, and urge their adherents to claim that it is unfair and misrepresentative of public sentiment." Further, this influential Southern organ remarks:

> "In view of the standard character of THE LITERARY DIGEST as a square-dealing and unprejudiced journal, and the proved accuracy of its previous nation-wide polls, it is rather surprizing to find the Prohibition leaders so manifestly flinching from the uncompleted revelations of the poll thus far.
>
> "They would less arouse public curiosity if they would await the final tabulations before attacking the fairness of the method and the representative character of the result in the end.
>
> "There are some outstanding 24-karat dry leaders who are frank enough to admit that there has been in the last five years a great unmistakable increase of public opinion that the Prohibition laws as they stand are disappointing in their effects and need either strong amendment or conservative modification. They admit the facts, but do not abate their belief that Prohibition is the best policy for the nation and that better enforcement of the law should be pursued.
>
> "Without regard to its statistical comparisons the poll when concluded is certain to show the stronger pluralities in favor of modification or repeal.
>
> "How far that showing will influence administration and Congressional actions can not be predicated now, but human nature and history will both reverse themselves if these revelations do not induce public action of a decisive sort to fix the future status of Prohibition in these United States."

RUTH HANNA McCORMICK'S VICTORY

"THE POLITICAL PRIMA DONNA OF AMERICA," as one of her home State papers calls Ruth Hanna McCormick, receives recognition from the press as "America's biggest figure among women in politics," "our most accomplished woman politician and vote-getter."

She wins the Republican nomination for United States Senator from Illinois, on one issue, only to start campaigning actively for election on another issue.

This daughter of one Senator—Mark Hanna—and widow of another Senator—Medill McCormick—fought Senator Charles S. Deneen in the primaries as an enemy of our adherence to the World Court. Now, she will be opposed by that picturesque Democrat, J. Hamilton Lewis, who will take the wet side of the Prohibition argument while Congresswoman McCormick sticks to the dry side.

In this first of the spring primaries, Mark Hanna's politically expert daughter won a decisive victory, carrying Chicago by about 150,000 and the State by around 200,000.

One incident of the McCormick victory, notes the Chicago correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, was the comeback into power of "the Big Bill-Crowe" faction which was routed two years ago by the Deneen group. Mayor Big Bill Thompson, says the New York *World* correspondent, "coming up behind a woman's skirts, has politically destroyed his most persistent enemy."

Acme Newspicture

1930 MODEL McCORMICK HARVESTER

To political observers in Washington, four principal elements stand out, according to a New York *Times* correspondent:

> "1. The emergence of Prohibition as the great issue, when Mrs. McCormick, labeled a dry, will oppose ex-Senator James Hamilton Lewis, the wet Democratic nominee, in the election for the Senate next November.
>
> "2. The conviction in many quarters that Illinois has set its face against American adherence to the World Court, which President Hoover urges, but which Mrs. McCormick opposed, with the argument that the Court was a child of the League of Nations.
>
> "3. The revenge of Mrs. McCormick in defeating by more than 170,000 votes Senator Deneen, who sent her husband, the late Senator McCormick, back to private life by only 6,000 votes in the primaries six years ago.
>
> "4. The elation of women over the prospects that one of their sex may be elected to the Senate, where no woman has ever sat before, except Mrs. Rebecca Felton of Georgia, who was appointed by that State's Governor for a complimentary one-day term."

In Illinois the Chicago *Tribune* (Rep.), which supported Ruth McCormick, calls her nomination "the first conspicuous and unequivocal acknowledgment of the full implication of the Nineteenth Amendment." *The State Journal* (Rep.), of Springfield, attributes Mrs. McCormick's success "to her political acumen in making an issue of the World Court." The Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.), which opposed her, feels that her election will strengthen the opposition to the Senate's ratification of the signature of the World Court Protocol, tho it thinks it improbable "that it will suffice to prevent ratification."

PENNSYLVANIA'S PRIMARY RUMPUS

IT MAY BE JUST ANOTHER "family quarrel" among Pennsylvania Republicans, but the roars and whacks of that State's primary rumpus are focusing the attention of all the neighbors, and causing a good deal of talk in the national press.

From the violent and bitter attacks that have been made thus early in the fight, political observers declare that the crop of bumps and bruises will be large indeed before the voters step in, on May 20, to settle the wrangle.

Meanwhile, the family skeleton, or what passes for it, is being rattled till its teeth crack. And the Democrats listen in glee.

The fight may even "exceed in bitterness the $3,000,000 election of 1926, in which W. S. Vare, of Philadelphia, was elected to the United States Senate only to be rejected because of the large campaign expenditures," writes a Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *Times*. "The situation is more complex, more demoralized than it was four years ago."

© Underwood — SENATOR GRUNDY

© Bachrach — SECRETARY DAVIS

FIGHTING IT OUT IN PENNSYLVANIA'S PRIMARY TUSSLE

"Lone Wolf" of the contest for the nomination as United States Senator is the present incumbent, Senator Joseph R. Grundy, ruddy, white-haired "fighting Quaker" of tariff fame.

Opposing him, "on the organization Republican ticket," as the Philadelphia *Record* tells us, is our Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis.

Running as a wet candidate for the same place is Francis H. Bohlen, a University of Pennsylvania law professor.

Seeking the gubernatorial nomination is Gifford Pinchot, former Governor, independent, and bone-dry.

In this fight the "organization" candidate is Francis Shunk Brown, former Attorney-General, as Mr. Davis's running mate.

The third contender is Thomas W. Phillips, a wet, who is coupled with Mr. Bohlen.

"The layout of the field generally lends itself to a campaign of extraordinary excitement," as the New York *Times's* correspondent remarks.

Much of the excitement is centering around Senator Grundy, whose fiery attacks are in accord with his promise of a fight to the finish.

Appointed to the Senate by Governor Fisher several months ago, after that body had refused to seat Mr. Vare, the Philadelphia leader, Senator Grundy was left as a "one-man ticket" in the present primary fight "when his running mate, Samuel S. Lewis, suddenly withdrew as a candidate for the gubernatorial nomination." "Political observers believed," continues a Philadelphia dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune*, "that Mr. Grundy would surely follow the lead of Mr. Lewis in retiring for the sake of the Republican harmony between the Mellon-Grundy faction and the Philadelphia organization."

Instead of that, Mr. Grundy declared:

> "When I accepted the appointment to the United States Senate last December, I stated unqualifiedly that I would be a candidate in the May primary for the balance of the unexpired term.
>
> "I am a candidate, and shall conduct an energetic campaign for the nomination."

That he meant precisely what he said was soon demonstrated by the attacks he launched. Borrowing again from a Philadelphia dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> "Senator Grundy added fuel to the flames of party discord by issuing a statement sharply attacking a group of the Vare leaders as planning a raid on the State treasury.
>
> "Mr. Grundy specifically named Sheriff Cunningham, State Senator Samuel W. Salus and Charles Hall as among chiefs of the Vare machine with whom he said he had rejected an alliance to save his 'self-respect.' He charged that this 'triumvirate' had foisted upon Philadelphia an indebtedness three times that which had sent Chicago to the verge of bankruptcy and now sought a wider field for 'loot.'
>
> "Senator Salus issued a counterblast, challenging Mr. Grundy to show that he had ever 'earned a five-cent piece through affiliation with politics,' and accusing Mr. Grundy of being associated with interests that 'unloaded upon the State' for an 'enormous fund' land for the Valley Forge Park improvement as the site of Washington's encampment, altho they knew it was 'not historic ground.'"

Immediately, Senator Grundy issued another "fiery statement, attacking the Vare political machine, and particularly Gen. W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad," says the United Press. Then:

> "Mr. Grundy charged specifically that General Atterbury—the Republican National Committeeman from Pennsylvania—is combined with the Vare machine in a 'conspiracy by which the Philadelphia gang and the Pennsylvania Railroad are attempting to grab control of the State government and the public treasury, dictate the personnel and policy of the Public Service Commissions and dominate all the important relationships of this State with the Federal Government.'
>
> "The statement caused a sensation in view of the strong position taken by Senator Grundy against General Atterbury."

General Atterbury, at this writing, had not replied to Mr. Grundy's charges.

But the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* takes the Senator to task for calling the Republican organization of Philadelphia "an impudent personification of political effrontery":

> "Those are harsh as well as big words, but in view of the fact that the political leaders of the Quaker City are united in their opposition to him, and are promising record majorities for Davis and Brown, the Senator doubtless feels that he has nothing to lose, and might as well bid for independent support. It is interesting to note, however, that the Grundy 'alarm' is of recent date, and apparently only crystallized when he saw that he could not use Philadelphia to promote his own aspirations for the political overlordship of Pennsylvania."

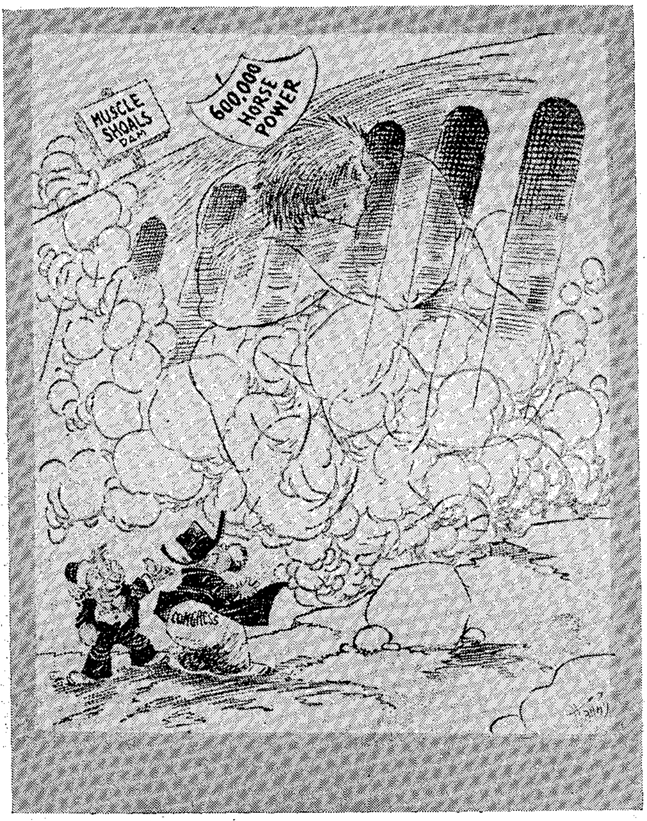
A Democratic view of the Grundy-Davis fight is supplied by the New York *World*, which believes that Mr. Grundy's "prospects of winning are very far from hopeless":

> "If there were even a remnant of a strong, aggressive Democratic party in Pennsylvania, this rift in the Republican ranks might be a good omen. As it is, there is no prospect of anything but a lively set-to in the primaries between Mr. Grundy and Mr. Davis, and the certainty that, whichever comes out ahead, a Republican will be elected to the Senate next November. If in the heat of the contest each side tells the truth about the other, no great harm will follow. Pennsylvania Republicans are too hardened to party scandals ever to be shaken loose from their loyalty to their sacred principles."

MUSCLE SHOALS NEARING ITS CLIMAX

MUSCLE SHOALS, that "extraordinary riffle in the Tennessee River," presents its perennial question. What are we going to do with it?

Congress, for more than a decade, has been trying to reach a decision. Now that the Senate has passed, by a vote of 45 to 23, the Norris bill for government operation of the Muscle Shoals plant for the production of fixt nitrogen and electrical power, the way is partly cleared for a final settlement.



Copyright, 1930, by the Philadelphia *Inquirer*

HE'S BEEN LOAFING LONG ENOUGH

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

But will the House concur in the Norris bill?

Most of the Washington correspondents seem to think that it will, altho M. Farmer Murphy, of the Baltimore *Sun*, tells us "there is talk of the House sidetracking the measure."

If the bill should reach the President, the correspondents believe he will veto it, inasmuch as he has shown, as a New York *Times* writer phrases it, "a consistent preference for private rather than government operation of the Muscle Shoals project."

It is estimated that the Government already has spent $150,000,000 on the power and nitrogen plant. The Norris bill, assailed by its opponents as "socialistic," is said to be similar to the Muscle Shoals measure which President Coolidge smothered with a pocket veto. To pass the Norris bill, on April 4, eighteen Republicans joined with twenty-six Democrats and one Farmer-Laborite to defeat twenty-one Republicans and two Democrats.

Behind this measure many observers discern a fight to the finish with private power interests. Says the Kansas City *Star:*

> "Dragged along for a decade as one of the most troublesome issues before Congress, final disposition of the gigantic power and nitrate plants at Muscle Shoals now appears as the pivot on which may turn the whole future policy of the United States with respect to rapidly developing water-power and utility enterprises in general."

And Mark Sullivan, in one of his Washington dispatches to the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, tells us:

> "Muscle Shoals as treated in the Norris bill means manufacture of electricity by the Federal Government.
>
> "It means also the preferential sale of electricity by the Federal Government at low prices to States, counties, and municipalities.
>
> "Muscle Shoals as treated in the Norris bill means, therefore, a beginning toward undermining and embarrassing the manufacture of electricity by private corporations. Because Muscle Shoals as treated by the Norris bill means this, it has been fought for twelve years by the aggregate of private power corporations which Senator Norris calls the 'power trust.'
>
> "It is the nature and the tactics of this opposition that has created the political situation which was voted upon by the Senate and, in all probability, will be voted on by the House very soon.
>
> "Exposure has revealed the private power corporations practising immense, organized lobbying and propaganda against government operation of Muscle Shoals. They have fought it with the same zeal and many of the same methods with which the Russian Communists fight Capitalism.
>
> "The result of repeated disclosures is a psychological condition in which Senators and Representatives are voting, not on Muscle Shoals, but on the activities of the private power corporations."

The sharp division in editorial comment on the Norris bill may be illustrated by two quotations.

"The Norris bill is sound in its politics and engineering," asserts the New York *World*, for "it proposes to use Muscle Shoals as it should be used, primarily as a water-power development rather than a nitrate plant."

The contrary view is exprest thus by the Chicago *Journal of Commerce:*

> "The spearhead of the Socialist assault on all private business is the Muscle Shoals Socialist bill."

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 5.

1. How long may camels go without water? (p. 28).
2. Who are the "gold-noses"? (p. 17).
3. Has high-pressure salesmanship anything to do with the unemployment situation? (p. 22).
4. What European country is said to be suffering from a war complex? (p. 15).
5. What were the only two groups of books which exceeded the religious publications in 1929? (p. 22).
6. Who has the air right of way over Amos 'n' Andy? (p. 37).
7. What is a "geophysical" engineer? (p. 26).
8. In what Asiatic country are concubines still in vogue? (p. 16).
9. How did parsnips start a penitentiary riot? (p. 24).
10. Who made riveting popular? (p. 43).
11. When did rain fall all over the United States? (p. 30).
12. What European country is being "Americanized"? (p. 17).
13. How should pills be taken? (p. 30).
14. How many feet has a snail? (p. 57).
15. What is the argument for abolishing the Sunday-school? (p. 24).
16. In what season do we put on weight? (p. 32).
17. What's the color of the new planet? (p. 30).
18. What is the poison in "poison liquor"? (p. 32).
19. Who recently made the first transcontinental glider flight? (p. 13).
20. What labor leader warns of a possible revolution? (p. 12).

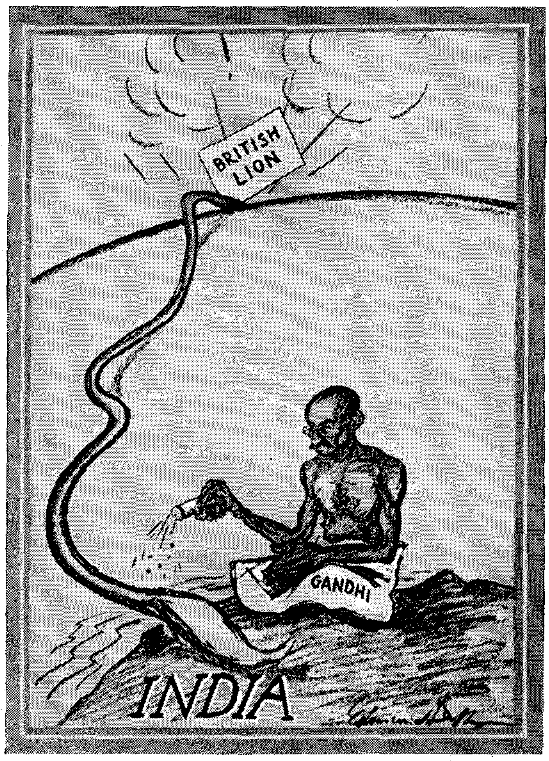
MAHATMA GANDHI'S SALT PARTY

REVERSING THE "BOSTON-TEA-PARTY" METHOD of revolt, Mahatma Gandhi and his party of devotees dip up briny water from the sea to make free salt.

Thus Gandhi ceremoniously defies the British Government's salt monopoly and its resented tax on salt.

And to his followers Gandhi becomes the "holy first law-breaker" in a strange campaign of "civil disobedience," portentous enough to hold the "uneasy attention" of the world.

Instead of secretly or violently throwing anything overboard, Gandhi openly announces almost a month in advance just what he is going to do at the end of a march from his home to the forbidden sea-salt shores. Then, like a master showman, he leads a daylight cross-country parade of eighty disciples in a 165-mile trek on foot to the village of Dandi, on the Gulf of Cambay, stopping over day by day at villages en route to convert natives to the Nationalist program for securing independence which he fathers.



PUTTING SALT ON HIS TAIL

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun.*

The spectacular raggedy march of twenty-four days, with which the Government did not interfere, naturally received world-wide publicity. Gandhi inaugurated it with an ancient Hindu ceremony of blessing, and at the end of the march, after prayers, significantly went down from the hospitality of a Mohammedan's bungalow to make the seashore salt for sale. His daughter and company of disciples, including a feminist leader, solemnly followed his example.

Simultaneously, on Sunday, April 6, Indians in other villages, mostly in the Bombay district, also made salt, and the general campaign of civil disobedience was declared on. The Government did not immediately arrest Gandhi, as he had expected, but dispatches reported the arrest of his sons in other villages and imprisonment of some fifty offenders elsewhere by police officers, who are accused of twisting fingers, tearing clothes, and smashing the salt-making vessels. Whereupon Gandhi exhorts followers to "wear only loin cloths when going out to practise Satyagraha; we can not afford to have our few clothes torn by the guardians of the people's welfare. Do not surrender salt, even if the police break your hands."

The "civil-disobedience" movement, proclaimed "sacred work" by Gandhi and backed by the all-India Nationalist Congress, it is explained, calls for native resignations from government offices, refusal to pay taxes, prohibition of liquor and opium, and a boycott on foreign cloth.

Whatever may result from Gandhi's leadership this time, most of our American papers appear to think violence is inevitable sooner or later. That the situation is "fraught with terrible dangers" and "only time can tell" what may happen, represent current observations. However, Gandhi's "complete and impressive shrewdness" strikes many commentators. He has contrived, by the simplest strategy, to put the game of crisis-making squarely into English hands," says the Baltimore *Sun:*

"Salt-making is a challenge so simple—for it merely lets natural forces produce what Britain says must not be produced, save under its control—that to answer it vigorously must seem both childish and desperate. Yet it also is a challenge so direct that to ignore it is to acknowledge uncertainty and a measure of weakness, and to encourage large-scale 'civil disobedience.'"

LABOR'S BLUNT WARNING

"WHEN SUCH A CONSERVATIVE TALKS of the possibility of revolution as a result of unemployment and hunger, it is time for the country to take notice."

Thus gravely does the Washington *News* comment on the statement of William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, who told the Senate Commerce Committee:

"Men should earn money, not have it doled out to them without labor in return. But unless employers change the tactics toward the unions, we shall face either Federal unemployment insurance to take care of the jobless, or have a revolution on our hands.

"The country can not stand these continual shocks."

The words of this "quiet Ohioan" also perturb many other editors, altho the New York *Journal of Commerce* raps him smartly for "this sort of loose threatening and prediction."

Testifying at the hearing on unemployment in connection with the Wagner bills, which would set up machinery for long-time planning of public works, Mr. Green estimated there were 3,700,000 unemployed wage-earners in February alone, with a consequent loss that month of $400,000,000. Quoting a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*

"Mr. Green dwelt on the growing extent of technological unemployment.

"He advocated the five-hour day, the system of employment of men on a basis of yearly income, and other remedies, and took the ground that the Government alone could intervene with the mass-production industries to solve the problem. He said that these industries hated the American Federation of Labor, and looked on its members as 'worse than the Communists.'"

Estimating that in the first three months of 1930 unemployed workers lost $1,000,000,000, Mr. Green said:

"One billion dollars' worth of wealth created by our wage-earners and spent for the products and the services of our industries in three months undoubtedly would be more than sufficient to turn the tide of business from recession to advance."

Asserting that the American Federation of Labor chief is "one of the bitterest opponents of all so-called red movements," the Washington *News* urges early passage of the Wagner legislation:

"Unless the Administration wants a repetition next winter of this depression, which is so disastrous to both Capital and Labor, the least it can do is to throw its full and quick support behind the Wagner bills. They are not cure-alls. But they represent an absolute minimum in advance planning by the Government."

"There is nothing but sober sense and realism in what Mr. Green has had to say about unemployment," according to the New Haven *Journal-Courier.*

But the New York *Journal of Commerce* is just as quick to criticize the labor leader:

"Mr. Green ought to stop this sort of loose threatening and prediction.

"Whatever can be done to relieve present conditions should be done, and that quickly, but for reasons which have little to do with the considerations put forward by Mr. Green."

International Newsreel photograph

SWOOPING TO HIS GOAL—CAPTAIN HAWKS AT THE END OF THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL GLIDER FLIGHT

HAWKS'S COAST-TO-COAST AIR-TRAIN

RIDING THE AIR BUMPS ACROSS A CONTINENT, Capt. Frank M. Hawks glides to glory by completing the first flight across the United States in a glider towed by an airplane.

Exactly on schedule, the plane-glider air-train arrived at Van Cortlandt Park, New York City, seven and one-half days after leaving San Diego, California.

"It was a rough, tough trip," said Captain Hawks, and the last day was the roughest. But the holder of the two-way transcontinental airplane speed records was enthusiastic, we read, over the impetus his latest achievement has given to gliding.

Snapping along through the sky at the end of a 500-foot cable attached to a plane piloted by J. D. Jernigin, the glider hit the climax of its trip when it ran into a wind and rain storm on the last lap. Captain Hawks, who twice thought that he would have to take to his parachute, and whose hands were blistered in his battle with the controls, tells us about it in an article copyrighted by the New York *World* and the North American Newspaper Alliance:

> "Between Syracuse and Buffalo I experienced the toughest tow-flying of the entire flight. Twice I began to fear that I might be forced to quit the ship and join the Caterpillar Club, via my parachute. The wind was so strong and gusty that, nose the *Eaglet* down as I might, at sharper and sharper angles, I could not make it descend until the wind abated.
>
> "This, I fear, strained the control surfaces. By the time we neared the State capitol, the *Eaglet* was very heavy in the right wing, and continued so all the rest of the flight. With the controls centered, it soared along atilt, like an injured, tired bird dragging a limp wing.
>
> "Up and down, swinging to right and left behind the tow plane, we flew on. That evidently it now was out of alinement made the flying all the more strenuous. Had it not been for the telephone and the coordinated flying of plane and glider which it again made possible, we never should have reached New York on time."

But they were on time, and a crowd of 15,000, waiting in the rain, cheered as the glider pilot cut loose from the plane at a height of 4,500 feet, and skimmed to a perfect landing sixteen minutes later.

On board the craft was the first batch of transcontinental glider mail.

"Hawks spent thirty-six hours in the air," the New York *Times* tells us. "His one setback was at Tucson, Arizona, when a sudden gust of wind broke the tow cable. There was also a one-day delay because of bad weather, and Hawks was forced to cover a two-day schedule in one across the Middle Southwest. The only other departure from schedule occurred when squalls and rain forced the aerial train to land at Syracuse instead of Elmira on the way from Buffalo." *The Times* also tells us that the 2,800-mile flight was made in nineteen stages, "varying from 290 to 710 miles each day. Stops at night were made at Tucson, Arizona; Sweetwater, Texas; Tulsa, Oklahoma; East St. Louis, Illinois; Columbus, Ohio; and Buffalo."

Captain Hawks's exploit is hailed by *The Times*, editorially, as "a timely contribution to the progress of aviation," while the New York *World* points out that "it will serve to give publicity to something that aviation very badly needs at present, which is an available instrument of practise for the novice."

The glider "obviously offers opportunity for a fine sport and one which may make the nation feel much more at home in the air than it could ever feel if it had to depend on planes alone."

Acme Newspicture

CAPTAIN HAWKS GRINS IN TRIUMPH

TOPICS IN BRIEF

Another thing we'd like to see again is a good five-cent nickel. —*Life.*

An optimist is a man who is married again while still paying alimony.—*Dayton Journal.*

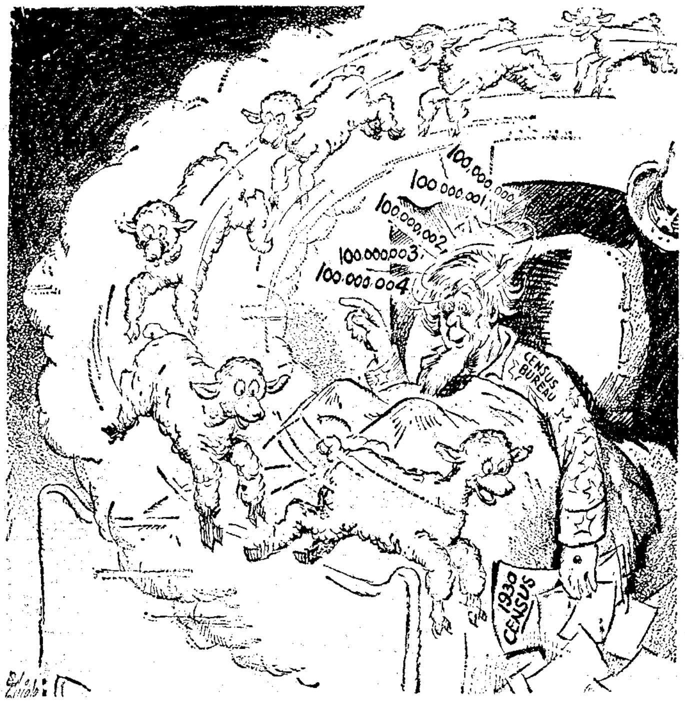
After The Digest has done the counting the losers will do the discounting.—*Weston Leader.*

A girl never believes a man who says he is not worthy of her until after she is married.—*Dayton Journal.*

We want no fighting pacts that get us into another war where the cooties are three years old.—*Toledo Blade.*

Among other things, the census man might find out who it was that bribed Secretary Fall.—*Detroit Free Press.*

In a forthcoming magazine article, Mr. Coolidge gives his views on Prohibition, thus ending the rumor that he will again be a candidate.—*Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger.*



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WHEN DAY IS DONE!

—Thiele in the Winston-Salem *Journal.*

Another thing that seldom turns out as expected is the automobile in the road ahead of you.—*Capper's Weekly.*

The quickest way to scrap a battle-ship would be to christen it with a bottle of Oklahoma liquor.—*San Diego Union.*

If an astronomer can find an invisible planet by calculus, we wish he'd try simple arithmetic on our umbrella.—*Detroit News.*

Cussing The Digest because people don't vote right is at least as sensible as blaming the President for a crop surplus.—*New Haven Register.*

You needn't make a better mouse-trap to have the world make a path to your door. Just give $50 to some worthy cause.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

We suppose if the children of Israel were in Egypt to-day they'd have The Literary Digest take a poll to test sentiment as to whether or not they should break bondage.—*Ohio State Journal.*

If the straw vote should turn out to be close, political candidates won't know whether they are dry or wet.—*Toledo Blade.*

Before Hoover, public servants used to work on a salary. Now they work on a salary and on a commission.—*Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

Rations of chewing-gum are now being issued to the British Army. That about completes the Americanization of Europe.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Up in north Mississippi, the other day, Prohibition officers found a moonshine still located in the top of a tree. Probably the moonshiner was trying to elevate the business.—*Jackson News.*

Maybe that New York lawyer who says the Eighteenth Amendment can not be a part of the Constitution is the same lawyer who told the man in jail they couldn't put him in jail.—*Macon Telegraph.*

Congress voted $300,000 to complete the restoration of the old frigate *Constitution,* more popularly known as *Old Ironsides.* We ought to hang on to that ship. Maybe after a few more disarmament conferences that will be all we'll have for a Navy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

All France wants is a pact to protect her against a future impact.—*Toledo Blade.*

As the Italian naval conference delegates see it, parity should begin at Rome.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

What this country needs is more wild life in the open spaces and less in the cities.—*Dayton Journal.*

But we can't see where the new planet is going to help our parking problem.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

America's so-called lawlessness may be blamed on everything except a scarcity of laws.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The drymedaries want to punish liquor buyers, as tho drinking it wasn't enough punishment.—*Ohio State Journal.*

To the census enumerator, the man of the house is the head of the family, but the man of the house may know a lot more about it than the census enumerator. —*Boston Transcript.*

Senator Borah will support a President while he is running, but not when he is sitting.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Market reviewer notes a spotty trend in the dress industry. This ought to interest the dry-cleaners. — *Wichita Eagle.*

The Italians would call the new planet Pluto. Which represents singular modesty on the part of Uncle Mussolini.—*Manchester Union.*

The next Presidential aspirant is going to have a hard time overcoming the Hoover commissioner vote, if it hangs together. —*Arkansas Gazette.*

Those who speak of the ninth planet as a member of the Solar System only show their ignorance. It has not been confirmed by the United States Senate.—*The New Yorker.*

A German lad, named Paul Millions, was lately found as a stowaway headed for this country. He will be welcomed by Robert Dollar and J. C. Penney.—*Schenectady Union-Star.*

Opportunities might be more easily recognized if they didn't so often come disguised as hard work.—*Grand Rapids Press.*

Another gangster taken for a ride up in Chicago. At the present pace, the crime situation up there is liable to solve itself.—*Marion Star.*

Hot air will keep a glider up, but it can't get up without a pull. Something like a Vice-President related to the wife of the boss.—*San José News.*

No doubt the philosophy of Congress as it turns out its laws is the same as that of the old hen when she lays an egg, "Oh, well, they'll be broken sooner or later anyhow."—*Ohio State Journal.*

If he wears a pained and solemn air, and appears to be deep in thought, don't disturb him. Maybe he is trying to think up another reason why The Literary Digest's Prohibition poll doesn't mean anything.—*Macon Telegraph.*

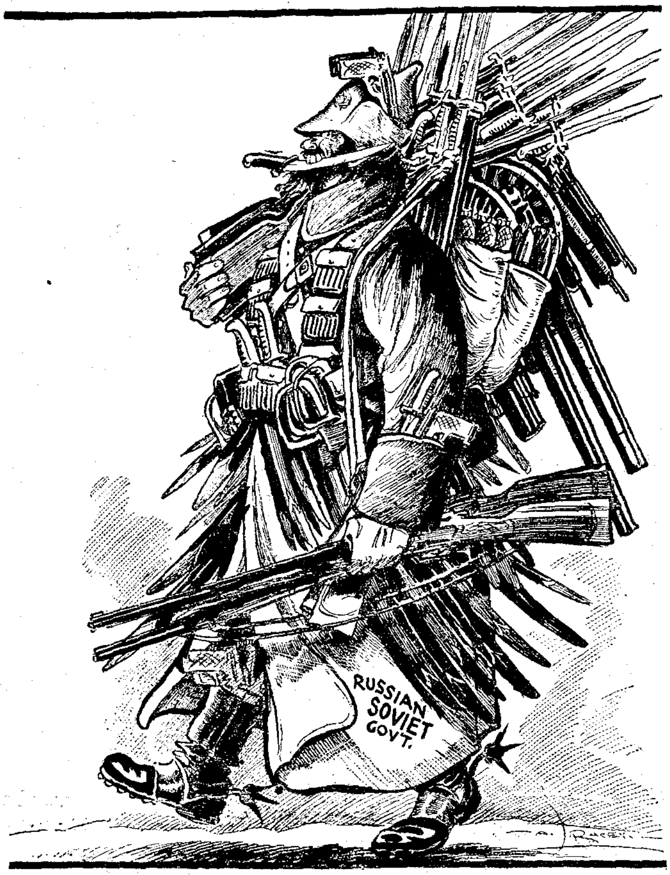
An interviewer reports that Andrew Mellon is no piker when it comes to meals. Breakfast is no Melba toast and coffee affair for him; it means fruit, cereal, eggs and bacon, ham, or sausage. What the farmers of this country need are a lot more men and women like Mr. Mellon.—*Lincoln State Journal.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

SOVIET RUSSIA'S WAR COMPLEX

TALK OF COMING WAR is as general in Moscow and Leningrad, it seems, as is talk of naval disarmament in Western Europe and the United States.

But an official organ of the Central Committee of the Communist party, the Moscow *Pravda*, sneers at the "hypocritical declarations" on disarmament by the "capitalist Powers."


RUSSIAN SOVIET GOV'T.

EXAMPLE A LA RUSSE

The apostle of peace who challenged the Powers to abolish arms in the interest of world peace.

—A. G. Racey in *The Daily Star* (Montreal).

They are shamelessly haggling over new armaments, it charges, and are forming new military alliances against one another, but chiefly against the Soviet Union.

To those who thought the Young plan was a long stride toward peace, it may come as a surprize that the *Pravda* thinks it is not only designed to exploit the laboring masses of Germany, but also to fix a united front of imperialist lands against the Soviet State. Continuing this line of argument, the *Pravda* asserts:

> "One of its first consequences is the rapprochement between Germany and Poland. It lays the foundation for an anti-Soviet coalition of the German and Polish bourgeoisie.
>
> "The imperialistic Powers, generally speaking, are doing their best to form, along the Western frontier of the Soviet Union from the extreme north to the Black Sea, an uninterrupted chain of alliances hostile to Russia.
>
> "And in the rear of this line, they form a second anti-Soviet line which must play the rôle not only of a well-protected rear, but eventually also of a provider of military assistance."

A similar policy, this Soviet organ goes on to say, is being pursued by the "imperialists" along Soviet Russia's eastern frontier.

The raid of Mohammedan bands on Soviet territory from Afghanistan, it is alleged, and the Chinese attempt to seize the Chinese Eastern Railway in Manchuria, were "two rehearsals" of the coming war against the Soviet Union.

So it happens, we read then, that the Soviet Union is surrounded on all sides by "criminal foes." The question is: How can it defend itself? And the answer of Soviet organs is: first of all, by the Red Army.

But, we are then advised, the Soviet may have a still more powerful weapon in the Comintern, that is to say, the Communist or Third International, which aims to stir up a world revolution. A well-known Soviet journalist, S. Gussev, has this to say in the *Pravda:*

> "The higher the wave of revolutionary unrest rises in capitalistic countries, the more difficult it will be for our enemies to fight against us.
>
> "The Comintern will be able to transform the war against us into a civil war of laborers fighting in our enemies' armies against their capitalistic governments. But the capitalists will not be able to provoke a similar civil war in the Soviet Union.
>
> "Hence, we must do all that is within our power to strengthen our Allies within the capitalistic States, and we must do it without wasting time."

Bolshevik, a fortnightly magazine published in Moscow by the Central Committee of the Communist party, contains an article by J. Migulin, who asserts that in this respect, the prospects of the future war are favorable for Soviet Russia.

The revolutionary movement, this writer claims, is growing all over the world. It is growing, he maintains, not only in Europe, but also—which is still more important—in America.

According to this writer, Russia's "Big Boss," J. Stalin, said on May 14, 1929, in the Executive Committee of the Communist International:

> "Soon the soil will catch fire and begin to burn under the feet of the world capitalism. This soil is already catching fire under the feet of American capitalists, too—for they are not an exception.
>
> "This is so evident that only the blind or the deliberate enemies of the proletariat can fail to see it. Three millions of unemployed, this first flower of the approaching American crisis, have already sprouted into five or six millions.
>
> "The Third International has enabled the Communist party of America to reach a stage where it can actively prepare the masses for a future revolution.
>
> "Four thousand five hundred new members have joined this party during the first stage of the drive which it is carrying on, and this is a proof of its progress.
>
> "American capitalism is thus relentlessly moving, not toward a technical or an industrial revolution, but toward a proletarian revolution."

Then Mr. Migulin adds this comment:

> "Indeed, with our strength constantly growing, we are approaching the moment of a definitive war with capitalism. Our main purpose is at the present time to consolidate the united Communist front by accelerating the development of the Communist movement in such of its sectors as are falling back. Such is the problem with which we are confronted, standing, as we are, before international imperialism and Fascism which also are trying to consolidate their ranks."

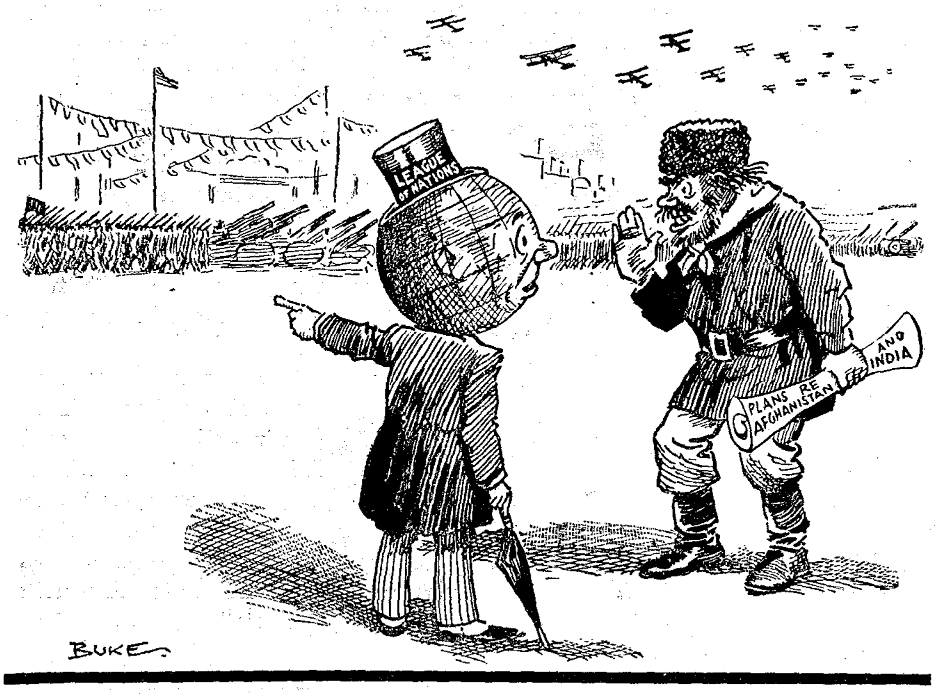
But *The Bolshevik* also publishes an article by one D. Bukhartzev, who warns his comrades against undue optimism.

Speaking of the modern progress of chemical warfare, of aviation, etc., he predicts that "the war of bourgeoisie against Soviet

Russia will be rather a large-scale world war than a civil war of the type of our civil wars of 1918-1920."

"Can Soviet Russia count on the collapse of the capitalistic armies, on the laboring masses in these armies rising against their officers?"—he asks, and makes this reply:

> "It is true that these millions of men which the capitalists will try to throw against us will have within their ranks those who sympathize with the Communists. Yet, these sympathizers will hardly make themselves felt in the first stage of the war.
>
> "It would be dangerous to underestimate the propaganda, the police and the other weapons with which the bourgeoisie will keep order in its ranks at least during the first year of the war.


LEAGUE OF NATIONS
PLANS RE AFGHANISTAN AND INDIA
BUKE

A SLAM AT RUSSIA

THE LEAGUE: "What's the meaning of all this, after your talk about disarmament?"
THE BOLSHY: "It's against my principles, but I must keep a few troops to amuse foreign visitors!"
—*The Western Mail* (Cardiff).

> "Moreover, we can not forget yet another weapon of our enemies—Fascism—which is supported by many workmen."

Thus, this author believes that much will depend in this war not only upon the Comintern and the heroism of the Reds, but also upon the technical preparedness of the Red Army. "Therefore prepare yourself, arm yourself, train your men and work"—such is the advice he gives to his colleagues.

K. Voroshilov, the People's Commissar for War, has this to say in the *Pravda:*

> "Military aviation and chemistry, the building of tanks and artillery of all kinds, engineering work, liaison service, mechanization and motorization have attained during these years such a high degree of perfection in all the bourgeois armies, that these armies have greatly changed.
>
> "Suffice it to say that a French infantry division had, in 1929, 172 machine-guns on wheels, while in 1913 it had had only 24.
>
> "Now it has 341 hand machine-guns, while in 1913 it did not have any such machine-guns at all. Now it has 84 cannon as against 60 in 1913.
>
> "The war-budgets of all capitalistic countries have attained appalling proportions. Thus the five so-called great Powers (France, England, the United States, Italy, and Japan) spent in 1929 $2,225,000,000 on their war necessities, while in 1924 the figure did not rise above $1,215,000,000.
>
> "The imperialists are thus arming themselves against one another, but chiefly against the Soviet Union.
>
> "This latter fact is proved, by the way, by the anti-Soviet campaign now carried on in certain European countries."

And Soviet Russia? Soviet Russia, Mr. Voroshilov writes further, has also attained great results. Its Army, he confesses, is comparatively small—562,000 men. But, he avers, it can rapidly be developed into a much larger Army.

CONCUBINES IN CHINA

TO TAKE A CONCUBINE IN CHINA is said to be as common as to get a divorce in Paris.

But despite this fact, we learn that a wealthy Chinese has been sent to prison for three years because he purchased a third concubine, for $3,000.

Gen. Han Fu-chu, head of the Honan Province, is being praised in China for his action in giving this positive discouragement to the concubine habit, we are told.

At the same time, Paul K. Whang points out in *The China Weekly Review* (Shanghai) that if General Han stays long enough in office, he will at least put a check "upon the people in general, and his officials in particular, in their concubine-taking competition." Mr. Whang goes on to say:

> "The system of concubine-taking, to all intents and purposes, is not a product of modern times, but an age-old custom. Even going back as far as the time of Confucius, we find the word 'concubine' in his books. All the kings, good or bad, in our history were alike in having a harem of wives and concubines.
>
> "The old teaching that to have offspring is the first requisite to fulfil filial piety has particularly lent great weight to fostering the growth of the system. On the pretext of this excuse, a male can lawfully take concubines when his wife has given birth to no male children.
>
> "Gradually concubine-taking has become a fashion rather than an excuse.
>
> "Nowadays, many wealthy people look upon the concubine as an ornament of their house, without whom the domestic life would be dreary and irksome.
>
> "The present tendency is, the more wealthy the people, the larger the number of concubines. This fashion hits especially hard at the officials, who, by dint of their power and easy-earned money, can afford to take as many concubines as they can manage to get around them.
>
> "In the bygone days, the petty officials, in order to curry favor of their superiors, used to present pretty girls to them as gifts. Gen. Chang Chung-chang, of bandit fame, and once the war-lord of Shantung, has boasted of his collection of fifteen or more concubines, many of whom, as we have been told, have been gifts of his subordinates.
>
> "Besides this notorious bandit chief, there has been a host of other officials who have maintained a harem of concubines. With the officials leading the way, concubine-taking has become as popular as ever, and it has taken a firm grip upon Chinese social life."

Attacking the concubine system without mercy, Mr. Whang declares that it is a menace to the social life of China. It tends to demoralize the home, he avers, to breed family trouble, and to loosen family ties.

Time and again, he adds, many well-known families have been broken up, either because the wives are concubines and have been at odds, or because the children of different blood could not live harmoniously under the same roof. He tells us further:

> "Every day newspapers have contained columns of such scandals, many of which have to be settled in the courts. Under the movement of female emancipation, its sponsors have shouted such a slogan as 'Down with the system of concubine-taking,' but their appeals have certainly fallen upon deaf ears.
>
> "Therefore, above everything else, China is now faced with a big social problem, the importance of which deserves our immediate attention.
>
> "We are firm in the belief that many other provincial heads, who are as progressive as General Han is, will instantly follow suit by installing the like measures in their respective domains."

SOVIET GOLD-DIGGERS

TEN THOUSAND MEN are said to have been recruited by the Government of Soviet Russia in the drive to unearth buried treasure.

Money, jewels, and other precious belongings are reported to have been hidden by the aristocrats and the peasants when the Revolution broke out.

Many who thus buried their valuables fled from Russia, we are told, but always hoped one day to return and dig up their belongings.

Yet they seem to have been hoping in vain. The ten thousand searchers for hidden treasure are described as "gold-diggers" of a particular kind, according to Cecil Q. Edwardes. In the Leipzig *Illustrirte Zeitung*, he tells us further:

> "The ever-ready wit of the Russian peasants has given these Soviet officials the nickname of 'golden noses,' for they eagerly sniff about in cellar and churchyard, in niche and wall, for the luring gold. This army has been divided into sections, and these again apportioned to various localities of Russia.
>
> "One section examines castles and houses, another churches and graveyards, a third woods, gardens, and parks. The duties of the fourth section are to hinder private persons from engaging in digging, and thereby affording serious competition to the Soviet authorities.
>
> "Wo to the evil-doer who discovers buried treasure without giving it up to the State! Failure to inform the authorities of such a discovery is punished with a severe fine or imprisonment.
>
> "When the leader of the White Army, Jaschwili, fled from the Bolsheviks, he buried a large sack of gold taken from the gold-mines near Bodajbo, on his way from Irkutsk to the North.
>
> "A short time ago it was found by some Siberian peasants.
>
> "During the division of the spoils, just as in the fairy-tale, they started to fight. One of the dissatisfied peasants ran to the authorities and reported the finding of the gold. The treasure was promptly confiscated, and the Siberians sentenced to three months in jail."

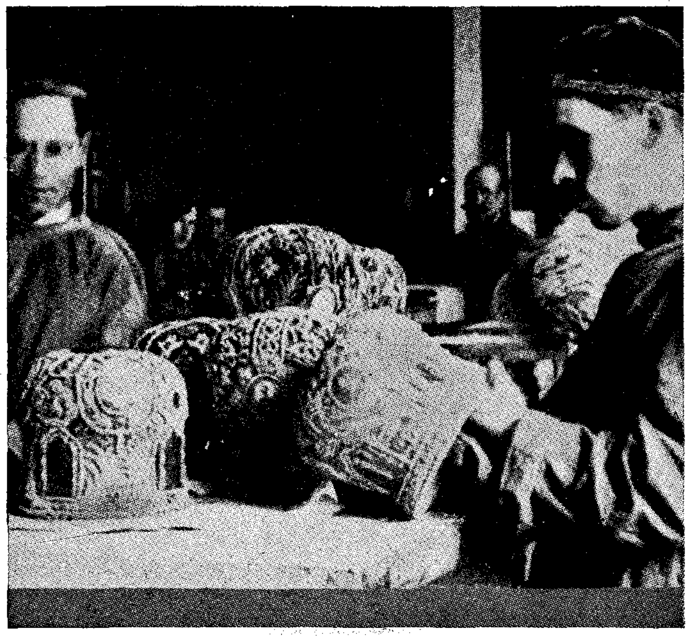
Fearful lest the Bolshevik officials might search their houses, we read then, other Siberian peasants carefully hid their stock of gold and silver. But one day it appears some children at play unearthed a tarnished silver teapot.

Quick as a wink, we are advised, the "gold-noses" appeared on the scene and started their search. Before long silver chains, dishes, rings, and coins worth about $100,000 were brought to light. Here is another instance cited by Mr. Edwardes:

> "In a village in Kashan lumps of gold and platinum were found in a cellar of a house which had long before been deserted by its owner.
>
> "The peasants sold their find, and feasted merrily for ten days.
>
> "Finally, the official gold-diggers again made their appearance.
>
> "The drunken peasants, however, refused to divulge the source of their sudden wealth. This brought about a bitter fight between them and the 'gold-noses,' and it was only after much blood had been shed that the secret was laid bare. All of the peasants concerned in the matter were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment."

We read next of Baron Orikows, who buried the greater part of his fortune somewhere on his extensive estate, and then fled to Paris during the revolution. Despite the diligence and persistence of the "gold-noses," they failed to discover the baron's cache. The story goes that:

> "It was decided to send a secret agent to Paris, who was to ingratiate himself with the baron, and to promise to assist him in recovering the gold. He secured a forged passport for Orikows, and before long they had crossed the frontier without difficulty.
>
> "One night Orikows showed his supposed friend the spot in his garden where he had buried two rows of cases containing precious stones, pearls, diadems, necklaces, and so forth.
>
> "On their way back to the village inn, all sorts of plans were discust for the removal of the cases. No sooner had they arrived, when the baron's 'friend' revealed himself as a member of the 'gold-noses.' The baron was taken prisoner and executed the same night.
>
> "Another aristocrat by name of Adlow crossed the Finnish border into Russia, and sought out the former overseer of his farms. He promised him one-fourth of the treasure if he were to aid him in digging up and selling the property which had been buried on the estate of the baron.
>
> "When Adlow was ready to leave Russia again, the overseer demanded half of the treasure instead of the fourth part which had previously been agreed upon. Adlow refused to comply, and the servant promptly betrayed his master.
>
> "The story of Earl Siwkow is a very romantic one.
>
> "On his flight, he buried gold and jewels in a wood near Tomsk in Western Siberia. He himself reached America, where he remained two years before returning to Russia to recover his hidden treasure.
>
> "With his very last penny he succeeded in reaching Siberia and the place where his property had been buried. The wolves had scratched the earth over the buried cases and so laid them bare to the eyes of the peasants. Their contents had been removed!"



RELIGIOUS INSIGNIA AS TREASURE TROVE

GERMANY "AMERICANIZED"—Not only in Berlin and the other great cities of Germany, but in the country as well, it is said, the Germans are trying to be like Uncle Sam.

Already Uncle Sam owns about a quarter of important sections of German industry, we are told.

He has invested so much capital in Germany, declares a Berlin contributor to the Sydney *Bulletin* (Australia), that for the same reason which brought him into the war on the side of England, he is now ranging himself alongside Germany.

America can not and will not allow Germany to fail financially again, says this writer, because too many American dollars would be lost. In his view, American civilization finds Germany an even more fertile soil than it found Australia, and he adds:

> "This is easily understood.
>
> "Germany, as a nation, is not old, and even now is not integral, as is illustrated by the fact that each of the larger States has ambassadorial representatives in the other States.
>
> "All young nations suffer from a lack of tradition, and the tradition scraped together with such care, determination, and obvious intention during the short history of the German Reich evaporated amazingly, along with a large amount of pride, in the weeks of revolution and hunger, leaving the soil ripe for the American brand of *kultur*.
>
> "So Germany is already the America of Europe, and Berlin is its New York.
>
> "The Germans exchange their pearls for the novelty of the American trinkets. Smilingly they open their arms and take to their bosoms American jazz, American films, American habits. American fashions rule the clothes."

LETTERS AND ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

SHAKESPEARE FROM CHICAGO

FRITZ LEIBER BRINGS SHAKESPEARE down to earth. And it must be admitted that a goodly audience welcomed him there. If Shakespeare ceases to be highbrow he may divide allegiance with the movies.

Mr. Leiber, with his Chicago Civic Repertory Company, is touring the East, after a preliminary season of much brilliance and approval in the Western city.

FRITZ LEIBER AS *PETRUCHIO*

Whatever the Eastern critics say—and they seem to prefer their Shakespeare nearer the clouds—the crowd is following him with approval.

Mr. Leiber, heading the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society, opened his season in November in the Civic Theater, housed in the new building of the Chicago Civic Opera, presenting "Hamlet," of which Amy Leslie writes in the Chicago *Daily News:*

> "A book of enthusiastic eulogy would not be too much to bestow upon the work of Leiber, his cast, and our Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society for the performance of 'Hamlet,' last night in the Civic Theater. But the book should be in blank verse and full of beautiful words as their Shakespeare was full of beautiful revelations. I have seen all sorts of Shakespearean productions. Of splendor, paucity of wit, glory and indignity, but never so lovely as this.
>
> "Appropriately, Shakespeare inaugurated the acceptance of our new Civic Theater as the right sort of house to completely express Chicago's ambition in the little-theater movement, wherein we have been backward.
>
> "The exquisite small playhouse in the big Civic Opera building is exactly the sort of scene to encourage good drama in its finest pose and excitements. Especially did it seem adapted to the Fritz Leiber 'Hamlet,' given, as it was last night, with scholarly treatment by Mr. Leiber and an exceptionally fine company of real actors who knew their Shakespeare by heart and played him for all he is worth, even to those who yawn a little before the bombardments classical from Stratford-on-Avon.
>
> "I have memories of Edwin Booth as *Hamlet,* so Mr. Leiber had a difficult task to charm me and hold my approval, but he did it easily. . . . He has given the gracious tragedy a setting of a pictorial splendor as classical as his delivery of the sacred lines and scenes.
>
> "Mr. Leiber has a good deal of the same quality of spirit for the rôle that Otis Skinner brought to it when Otis was a romantic young player with a mop of black curly hair and big shouting black eyes. And he reads with the same interpretative charm that Otis had when, as a Daly-trained player of oratorical perfections, he could tackle the soliloquy without earmuffs being necessary for his listeners. But the star is least to be considered in the magnificent ensemble and superb environment of majesty in scenes and curtains, costumes and adornments and general equipment in the Leiber 'Hamlet.'"

Local patriotism thus expands its wings.

Coming eastward to Pittsburgh, Boston, New York, Mr. Leiber had to meet a colder criticism. He brings a special gospel, and uses his plays to enforce it. Stated in a communication to the press it is that "first and foremost, Shakespeare's plays are vehicles for the stage."

> "They are prompt-books teeming with possibilities of stage business. I feel we can convert a thousand youngsters to a love of Shakespeare by having them see one of his plays acted purely for its theatric values, who could not be roused to even a passing interest in him by a year of lectures on the classic perfection of his English and the depth of his understanding of character. He moves to admiration best if we permit him to argue for himself, and we foster that when we sanely interpret him as a dramatist, with no higher object than the entertainment of the audience. If we do not know Shakespeare the practical dramatist, we do not know Shakespeare."

Such an approach to Shakespeare is known "rather patronizingly as sensible," remarks J. Brooks Atkinson in the New York *Times.* The effort is "craftsmanlike." But,

> "At best, this is only the solid substructure for distinguished Shakespearean producing and for the foundation of a repertory company, and it leaves the most magnetic aspects of Shakespeare untouched. As Rosalind remarks in the discarded epilog to 'As You Like It,' good wine may need no bush, 'yet to good wine they do use good bushes.' As the director of a repertory company that has been generously endowed for five years, Mr. Leiber has an exhilarating opportunity not only to bring order out of the chaos of modern Shakespearean staging but also to establish a sensitively tuned acting organization.
>
> "To develop an acting company that has first mastered the elements of craftsmanship and then, like Eva Le Gallienne's company, carried acting into the sphere of the fine arts—

> illuminating character, catching the lyricism of poetry and the fire of Shakespeare's fierce melancholy—would be an achievement of the first rank in the modern theater. Ultimately it is the sole reason for keeping alive the Shakespearean tradition. Mr. Leiber's penchant for being sensible and natural in these plays misses the eternal fact that Shakespeare is not only a teller of sad stories of the lives of kings but also a shaker of our dispositions with thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

Considering that Shakespeare has fallen on evil times, we look for reasons. John Mason Brown, in the New York *Evening Post*, finds a conspiracy of dulness in both stage and audience:

> "Shakespeare, as the whole world knows, is sacrosanct, a sort of Caesar's wife among the authors, whom even the red-bearded George Bernard Shaw of yesteryear could not reduce to mere mortality.
>
> "We put behind us those heretical questions which ask if he is dull because he is himself or if he has grown dull solely because he is dully done. And we accept him wholesale.
>
> "We know, for example, that when Forbes-Robertson or the Walter Hampden of the earlier matinees played *Hamlet* we were stirred by it in the theater. We know that John Barrymore brought a kind of burning penetration to this same prince which ignited the entire play with a new meaning. We know that Basil Sydney, uneven as his modern-dress performance was, had his fine moments and made us aware for the first time of 'Hamlet' as a play instead of *Hamlet* as a part.
>
> "But we do not dare ask ourselves what it is that has happened to this modern theater of ours that has made its best talents turn their backs on Shakespeare and leave him, as he is left today, as a vehicle for the lesser men. Surely, it was never like this before. Because from Burbage down through Barrymore the actors who were really actors chose of their own accord to test their talents in the great Shakespearean parts.
>
> "Things seem different now, however. And we accept them as they are, with that tolerance, that wise rationality of the present, which cuts its way into such anachronisms as strong feeling or convictions. We begin to forget our 'Brand,' our 'All or Nothing,' dismiss our idealists, flounder in our own standards, and reach contentedly for the second-best. And in justifying the second-best, we confuse the whole argument with that good old reasoning that used to hold that it was better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Only we forget that there was no compromise, no half-way feeling, in the kind of exalted love that made such titles as 'All for Love' possible."

THE COVER—The eyes of both mother and child look out searchingly from the picture on the cover.

The artist of this canvas, Marie Haughton Spaeth, is a native of Hanover, New Hampshire, but her present address is Princeton, New Jersey. Her art education was pursued in Philadelphia, at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and at the School of Design. Subsequently she worked under masters in Spain, France, and Italy. She is allied with various art associations, including the American Federation of Arts. Portraits of children have been her specialty, tho landscape has also been practised, her "Apennine Village" hanging in the Fine Arts Academy in Philadelphia. Of her exhibition in New York last fall, the New York *American* observed that:

> "All are livable pictures, from the point of view of the average American householder, and those in private hands are probably much loved by their owners."

COSIMA WAGNER

A WOMAN CUT OFF HER BEAUTIFUL HAIR and laid it in her husband's coffin.

That Cosima Wagner, in doing this, meant to imply that her life was ended is evidenced by the fact that her biography, published last year, also stops with Wagner's death.

But that was forty-seven years ago, and the physical Cosima only ceased breathing on April 1. The long widowhood was devoted to keeping alive the flame she had helped to create. What part was hers in the creation of Wagner's great music dramas is the theme of the appreciation in the New York *Herald Tribune:*

International Newsreel photograph

WAGNER'S EGERIA

Frau Cosima.

> "This poignant mark of self-effacement was almost the final demonstration of a selflessness unexampled in the conjugal history of great geniuses not only for its completeness but for the momentousness of its results. Cosima dwelt with the volcanic Richard for almost twenty years, enduring not only the obloquy visited upon her by society for her treatment of von Bülow, but suffering the harsh tongue and the difficult humors of the terrible Titan whom she had elected to companion. She did little else but serve him. Not only did she bear him children when it was opprobrious to do so, but she stood between him and the world, in order that that world might be incredibly enriched. She knew what sort of letter to write to a mad king, and what sort to a former mistress, and how to deal with publishers and artists and creditors and importunate intruders. She could discuss Greek tragedy with the Titan as competently as she could order the Titan's meals and keep his children out of earshot. She knew that she was living with an incomparable genius, and that her first duty was to see that nothing interfered with the output of that unexampled brain.
>
> "So far as she could help it, nothing did. It is altogether likely that had it not been for Cosima's sympathetic comprehension, her inflexible will, her utter selflessness, her practical aid, the world would not now possess 'Die Meistersinger,' 'Siegfried,' 'Götterdämmerung,' and 'Parsifal,' and that the theater on the hill would never have been built to stand as a symbol of beauty and aspiration for the solace of the mind of man."

The forty-seven years that she had guarded the Wagner tradition served to keep Wagner among the moderns. This is the angle presented in the New York *World:*

> "In the realm of things musical, one imagines that the chief result of Frau Cosima Wagner's death will be to cut the last silken cord that bound the soul of her husband to this earth and set it winging off to Valhalla. Until now it certainly has hovered near the world we live in. For, in spite of the fact that Wagner has been dead these forty-seven years, most of us have persisted in regarding him as a 'modern,' as more modern, indeed, than most of the men who have followed him. Part of the evidence that convinced us of this, of course, consisted of his music dramas themselves, those prodigious works that blazed such a trail from the old to the new. Did Verdi, at least in his later years, Puccini, Leoncavallo, Rimsky-Korsakoff and lesser men follow that trail, using motifs to get order into musical ideas, elevating the orchestra into an integral part of the work, instead of using it merely as an accompanying instrument, seeking to blend story, singers and band into one unified whole? Then they did not follow it as far as he did.
>
> "His works still seem fresher, in their freedom from the old conventional forms, than theirs. Only Strauss, for a long time, seemed to have gone further, and at that only because of the complexity of his technique, not because of the quality of his

inspiration. But part of the evidence, too, consisted of the amazing fact that Frau Cosima was still alive at Bayreuth. When people began to ask how Wagner was more modern than Ravel, Schönberg, Respighi, and such fellows, it became increasingly hard as the years went by to give effective answer. Yet the presence of Frau Cosima somehow seemed to prove that the thing must be so. A man can not be so very dead if his widow is still living.

"But now Frau Cosima, at the ripe age of ninety-two, has died, and the whole outlook changes. Wagner is no longer a modern, to be wrangled about, but an immortal, to be studied with awe; he speaketh only to Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert and Brahms, and they speak only to God."

There was romance enough in Cosima's life, and the geniuses by which her life was surrounded raised the plane of this romance. She was the daughter of Franz Liszt, and had become the wife of von Bülow before she met Wagner. Let the New York *Times* continue the story:

> "A youth spent in constant association with great music brought Cosima to her early twenties, and to her meeting with Hans von Bülow. The latter was a young man who had forsaken the legal career he had begun in order to follow his bent for music, and had become a pupil of Liszt. He and Cosima were married in 1857, and four daughters were born to them. They were apparently a congenial and happy couple.
>
> "Even as a young woman, Cosima was described as entirely without physical beauty, yet tremendously attractive. From her father she inherited her great hooked nose and sallow complexion. She was also described as tall and scrawny. But she was credited with great intellectual power, and Wagner himself considered her the most intellectual woman of her generation in all Europe.
>
> "Even in the early days of her first marriage, Frau von Bülow was under the spell of Wagner's musical genius. However, her acquaintance at first was with his works rather than with the man. Her four daughters' names, Senta, Elisabeth, Isolde and Eva, were all drawn from Wagner's operas.
>
> "By a strange twist of events Wagner had been responsible for bringing Cosima and von Bülow together. He had sent the young lawyer, turned musician, to Liszt. And then, in 1864, von Bülow in turn was responsible for the chain of events which culminated in his wife's leaving him for Wagner. Von Bülow had the task of arranging the first production of 'Tristan und Isolde,' at Munich. Frau von Bülow and her daughter went there in June, her husband following a month later.
>
> "During this period a close friendship sprang up between Wagner and Cosima. Despite the great difference in their ages—Wagner was 51, Cosima still in her twenties—this feeling soon ripened into love. Wagner was separated from his first wife, Minna Planer, at the time, while Mathilde Wesendonk, the other member of the trio of women who most influenced his career, had long since passed out of his life. In 1866 Wagner's estranged wife died, and the same year, when he was forced to leave Munich for political reasons, Cosima and her daughters went with him to Venice.
>
> "A son, Siegfried, was born to the couple in 1869. Von Bülow then had his own marriage annulled, and on August 25, 1870, Cosima was married to Wagner. There have been various stories as to the manner in which von Bülow accepted the situation. He forbore public comment, and his attitude was magnanimous in the extreme, but he was a broken man.
>
> "Wagner was 57 at the time of this marriage. He died thirteen years later. That intervening period, however, marked the heydey of his career and the culmination of his success in the production of the 'Ring' cycle and of 'Parsifal' at Bayreuth. It was in this that Cosima Wagner made her great contribution to his success, overseeing the extensive business affairs in connection with the establishment of the Wagner festival there, including the building of the Wagner Theater and their own villa. She was tireless, many said tyrannical and officious, in attending to even the minutest details of the productions, and at the same time providing a domestic background for the restless genius of her husband.
>
> "For more than two decades after her husband's death, Frau Cosima shouldered the entire burden of producing the annual festival at Bayreuth. As their son, Siegfried, grew older, he assisted his mother, and by 1907 it was reported that she was about to retire and turn over the task to him. It was not until 1912, however, that it was finally announced that she had retired completely."

At the Philharmonic concert on April 3, Mr. Toscanini, as a commemorative tribute to Frau Cosima Wagner, played the funeral march from "Götterdämmerung," on which Lawrence Gilman of the *The Herald Tribune* comments:

> "It was plain that the audience was moved. Perhaps some among them realized that the music they were hearing might never have been written but for the remarkable woman in whose memory it was being played: that infinitely devoted companion of a hampered genius to whose sympathy and aid the world is probably indebted for the completed 'Ring' and 'Parsifal,' and for that homely theater in the Bavarian hills where so reckless a conception of ideal beauty was set forth by a fanatic and cherished by an indomitable wife."

A TICKLISH PROFESSION

WOULD YOU LIKE A JOB as a book-taster?

By this is meant a "publisher's reader"; one who judges the manuscripts submitted for publication.

"Most men and women for some reason regard themselves as good judges of what they read," writes Frank Swinnerton, the English novelist, who for a number of years was also a reader for an important firm of London publishers. But he points out that, however good they think their judgment, it does not follow that it would be of value to a publisher. Even the celebrated Doctor Johnson, who was not given to self-depreciation, admitted, "My judgment, I have found, is no certain rule as to the sale of a book."

For any who are curious to know how books come to have their being, and who passes in judgment upon manuscripts, Mr. Swinnerton sets forth in *The Publisher's Weekly* (New York) the qualifications expected of this functionary:

> "The publisher's reader must have no vagaries. His prejudice must all be sunk when he takes up a manuscript. A dislike of the author must not influence him. Neither may he allow himself the satisfaction of refusing a book which attacks his idols. He must not have idols, in fact. He must combine enthusiasm with calm; caution with boldness. He must be patient, wary, shrewd; he must know something upon every subject; he must be acquainted with all literatures, and, preferably, with several languages. He must understand the book trade, must have a very easy familiarity with the work of all living authors, so that he knows how they are 'ranked' by critics and how they are 'rated' by the libraries. He must himself be a critic able to appreciate both the unfamiliar and the conventional. And he must never make a mistake.
>
> "He is expected to spot a best seller at sight, and to distinguish between work that is immature through excess of genius and work that is crude through congenital incapacity. He is to be a hack and an explorer, the brains of a publishing business, and the anonymous and frequently ill-paid servant of his employers. At all times, in all circumstances, he should have his stethoscope prest close to the heart of the public, so as to know when that heart jumps a beat. If it jumps a beat, or if the beat quickens or slackens, a change in literary fashion is imminent, and the professional reader must be ready to anticipate any change of fashion, and ready to discount mere fluctuations of pulse."

If so far the man may seem to be a paragon, this is not the whole of the matter. He has an account to render:

> "He must have the power to submit a clear and accurate précis of the book he has just read, and the skill to make his verdict upon that book convincing to any mind, however acute, however wandering. If his employer is a good publisher, the report must be such—supposing the book to have any quality at all—as to catch the publisher's attention; if his employer is a bad publisher, even greater finesse is required. The reader does not authoritatively decide; he suggests a decision. The responsibility for a rejection is usually his: the responsibility for an acceptance will depend upon the ultimate success or failure of the book. The publisher takes all credit for a success; in the case of a failure he often calls for the reperusal of the report upon which acceptance was based. The report is likewise reperused if a rejected book achieves success in other hands. For any of these events the publisher's reader must be prepared. He must be the true philosopher."

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

SHALL IT BE DOLES OR JOBS?

CHRISTMAS!

The ground blanketed in snow; the thermometer ten above zero!

Gay shop windows filled with glittering tinsel, toys, good things to eat.

Outside—they're all outside, for they have no money in their pockets—from fifty to one hundred thousand men out of work.

No Christmas for them. No Santa Claus for their children.

Only hungry eyes and empty stockings!

"Oh God, for a job!"

"What about it?" Senator James Couzens asked a group of his fellow citizens gathered at a banquet of the Michigan Manufacturers' Association in Detroit. He was speaking on the intermittent employment that scotched the manufacturing centers last winter, on the problem of how to stabilize work and so to stabilize income.

What about it, then? Whose the responsibility?

The millionaire Senator and philanthropist told his fellow citizens about it, as he puts his words down again in an article in *The Survey Graphic*, which brings up the tremendous problem of unemployment—a problem which William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, tells the Senate, will result in a government dole or revolution unless it is solved.

Senator Couzens puts the responsibility thus:

> "I do not charge you men with being inhuman. I charge you men with being careless, with being thoughtless of the results of your failure to solve this problem, and I have a right to charge it, because ten years ago I had the honor of being your Mayor when 150,000 men were laid off in a day by the snap of a finger at the command of industry and we, your city servants, were left to grapple with the situation; we were left to find a way to buy shoes and milk tickets, pay rent, and send children to school.
>
> "You passed it off like the water on a duck's back. Government came to the relief. But you paid for it, however. You paid for it. You paid for it through the nose, through taxation, and you will continue to pay for it; believe me, you will pay for it, and you will pay for it in the most expensive way; you will pay for it through government, which is the most expensive way.
>
> "You can prevent high taxes; you can prevent bureaucrats from interfering with the progress and the development of business; you can prevent officials from sending out forms by the bushel for you to fill out and return, if you will solve these problems for yourselves. Government does not interfere with business until business itself has created the necessity."

Having repeated this warning for the benefit of industry at large, Senator Couzens remarks on the Bolshevist criticism of our capitalistic system: "We give everybody the opportunity for such criticism so long as we neglect the human factors that live by our capitalistic system. Those who profit by it, those who make money out of the efforts of human beings, have an obligation to those human beings."

"We are our brothers' keepers," Senator Couzens reminds us, tho he acknowledges that he is not a church-goer. He does not find fault with those who do go to church. But he does find fault with "the man, church-goer or not, who employs labor to create wealth and luxury for himself, and neglects the workers when he finds it inconvenient to keep them on his pay-roll."

Ewing Galloway photograph

HERE IT IS A DOLE: A FREE MEAL FOR UNEMPLOYED IN NEW YORK

During the time he was in the motor-car business, Senator Couzens saw periods of depression come as one came last winter, when industry laid off thousands of men, millions of men.

"Does that mean anything to you?" he asks of industry:

> "Does it mean anything to you that 3,000,000 men with perhaps 15,000,000 people to support are out of work in the United States? Do you realize that the decreased purchasing power and the decreased consuming power of these people means anything to American business? Did it not accentuate the difficulty? Who ever heard of a person having a fever doing things to make the temperature go higher? Yet that is what American business has been doing. So long as we fail to stabilize production and employment, we are walking into trouble such as we have been in this winter."

Senator Couzens would like, then, to repeat to American employers generally what he said to the employers of Michigan:

> "This unemployment situation that enters into this winter's depression is your fault; no one's but yours. You could have

prevented it. You could have refrained from your high pressure salesmanship; your forcing luxuries upon people who are unable to buy them, which you in your sane moments know they can never pay for. But you will say that a man ought to know enough not to buy these things. You will say that people must protect themselves. You will say that you can not help it if a man is foolish enough to buy beyond his means to pay. But I submit, gentlemen, that you are the ones who have forced upon them these articles of luxury which people can not afford. You, through your high pressure salesmanship and your ambition and desire to keep up production to the sky, have forced upon millions of people in this country articles which they can never pay for.

"I wonder if you really thought that this pyramiding of instalment sales up into the billions of dollars could keep up. Did you really think there was no stop to it? Did you really think that people would go on buying on the instalment plan forever and ever? You had a temporary glory, and you got some temporary benefit from it, but you are paying the price now. You will continue to pay the price every time you disobey sound economic laws; and I submit that it is unsound and uneconomic to force upon people by the millions luxuries which you know they can not afford to pay for.

"Gentlemen, we do not follow through. We are all taught when we play golf to follow through, but we are never taught to follow through on some of our economic policies. We are too anxious to grab the dollar of the day, and let posterity take care of itself; but we are overtaken by posterity before we get through. There isn't any answer to that; you know it, and that is the reason, because you have known it, that you are to blame for not having taken cognizance of the fact; that is the reason we are in this state of affairs to-day.

"I do not care how much propaganda is sent out, how many statements are issued that business is sound; I do not care how many brilliant college professors and captains of industry issue statements that business is normal. I am here to try, if I can, from my experience and observations to instil upon you men the necessity for recognizing sound economic principles and adhering to them; for stabilizing the income of the workers so that they can consume, for by that means only can you stabilize business and have good business."

THE CONTINUING CHRIST

By W. Russell Bowie

FAR, far away is Bethlehem,
  And years are long and dim
Since Mary held the holy Child
  And angels sang to him:
But still to hearts where love and faith
  Make room for Christ in them,
He comes again, the Child from God,
  To find his Bethlehem.

Beyond the sea is Galilee,
  And ways which Jesus trod,
And hidden there are those high hills
  Where he communed with God;
Yet on the plains of common life
  Through all the world of men,
The voice that once said, "Follow me,"
  Speaks to our hearts again.

Gethsemane and Calvary,
  And death and bitter loss,
Are these but echoes drifting down
  From a forgotten cross?
Nay, Lord, for all our living sins
  Thy cross is lifted up,
And as of old we hear thee say,
  "Can ye too drink my cup?"

O Life that seems so long ago,
  And yet is ever new,
The fellowship of love with thee,
  Through all the years is true.
O Master over death and time,
  Reveal thyself, we pray,
And as before amongst thine own,
  So dwell with us today!

—*The Christian Century, Chicago.*

Stabilization of income must be accomplished by business, warns the Michigan Senator, or it will be accomplished by the Government "through unemployment insurance, through old age insurance and all the other sorts of insurance necessary to preserve human life."

As some of the railroads, great utility companies, great manufacturing concerns, have already done, says Senator Couzens,

"It would be more human, and American employers would have an easier conscience, if they took enough earnings out of fat years to stabilize the income of the workers during the lean years. If every industry were to pay its men by the year instead of by the hour or the day, industry would find a way to stabilize its production so that it got its money's worth.

"Competent management finds a way to go through periods of depression, and it can find a way to help its workers through them.

"Men are unthinking; they are careless, they are thoughtless about the results of their acts, but they are not heartless, and it is my hope, in presenting this matter as I have, that others will present it in such a way as will really wake up our consciences."

THE BIBLE STILL LEADS

IT IS A COMMONPLACE that the Bible is the world's best seller.

Yet it is found worth repeating when there is so much repetition of tales of doubt engulfing the world.

The sale of Bibles and Testaments in the United States in 1929 amounted to 14,000,000 copies. For the entire world, the total is estimated at 36,500,000. These estimates are from statistics of the American Bible Society and leading publishers of Bibles—pretty convincing evidence, we are told, that the world is still vastly interested in religion.

But this is not all the evidence.

According to Edward S. Mills, President of the National Association of Book Publishers, and head of Longmans, Green and Company, New York, as he is quoted in the New York *Times:*

"Another evidence of universal concern with religious problems is the large number of religious books issued by American publishing houses each year.

"Of the 10,187 new books and new editions issued in the United States during 1929, 806 were religious books. The only two groups which exceeded religious publications were fiction, which totaled 2,142, and children's books, totaling 931.

"Biography, which is recognized as one of the most popular classes of literature at the moment, totaled 738 in 1929, sixty-eight less than the religious book total.

"In the last five years 4,316 religious books have been published, and religious titles have been either second or third on the list of classifications each year. It is interesting to note that in 1920 and 1910 religious books stood fourth on the list; in 1900, sixth."

"Men and women, one must conclude from such statistics, never before gave so much attention to religion as at present," observes the Buffalo *Courier.* "They may turn more than formerly from this or that form of religion, but religion itself engages their thoughts more seriously than ever."

And in the opinion of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

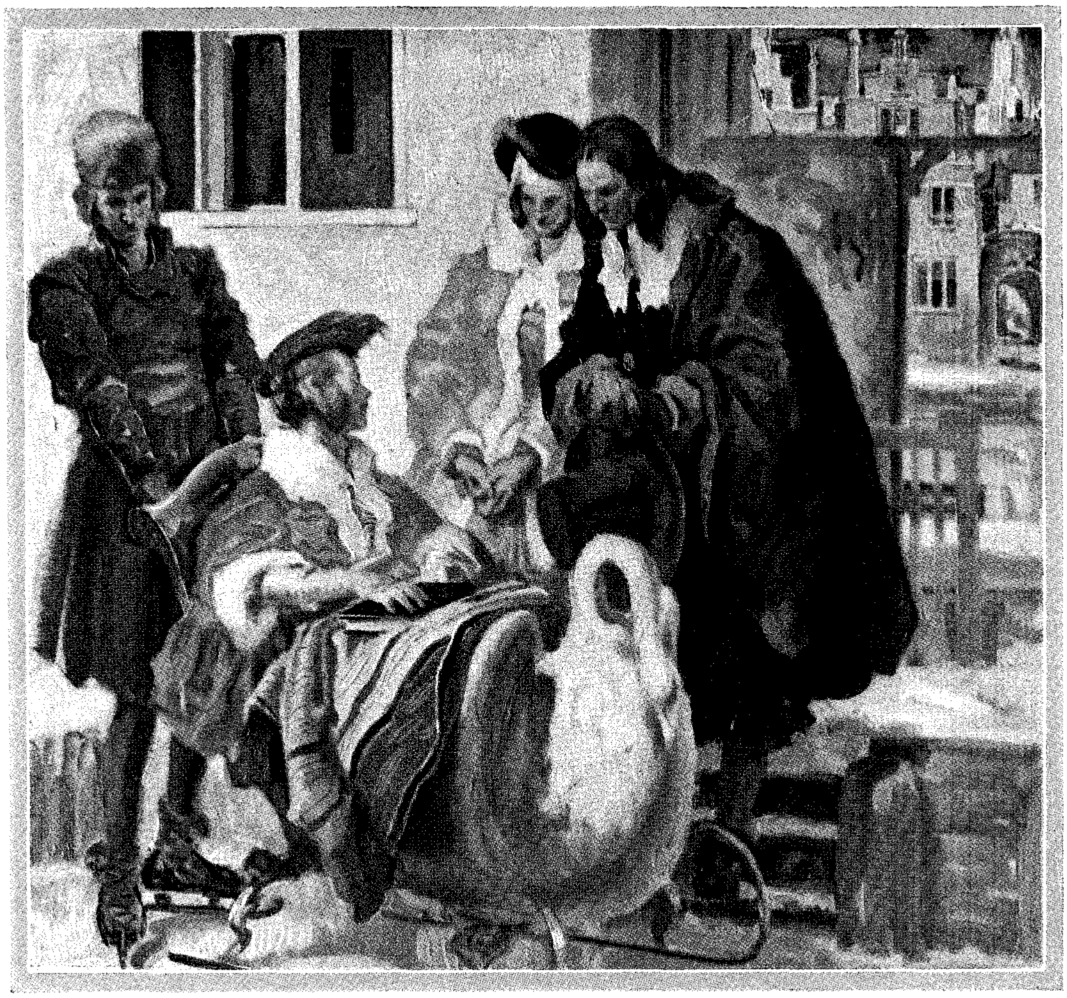
"It is equally evidenced that interest in religion is still keen and universal, a fact confirmed by the high place accorded to religious books in general among the year's publications. Fiction exceeded their total, and also books for children, but religious literature stands ahead of biography and many other popular forms of reading.

"Back of these figures is the greater reality of a human need and appetite.

"Above all other problems, man is concerned to know his own soul and to determine his responsibility to the source of life and his own spiritual destiny. He seeks to weave all his experiences into the pattern of these mysteries, and to find faith, if he can, in a purpose which directs his life.

"While these needs endure, it is idle and superficial to talk of the failure of religion, for religion is much less a matter of creeds than of human conscience and conduct, and of the earnest seeking after light and guidance. And the book which has counseled and comforted so many generations of men is still the chief of all sources to which men go for help."

…ORY COLLEGE LIBRARY



Luxurious Transportation

The swift, smoothly gliding sleigh-chair marked the height of luxurious transportation over the frozen canals of old Holland

THIS spring people are weighing car values more carefully than ever before, and thousands are finding through actual cost analysis that Packard transportation need cost *no more* than ordinary motoring. For Packard luxury and beauty *are* more lasting. Thus both good judgment and good taste direct thoughtful motorists to the Packard Standard Eight.

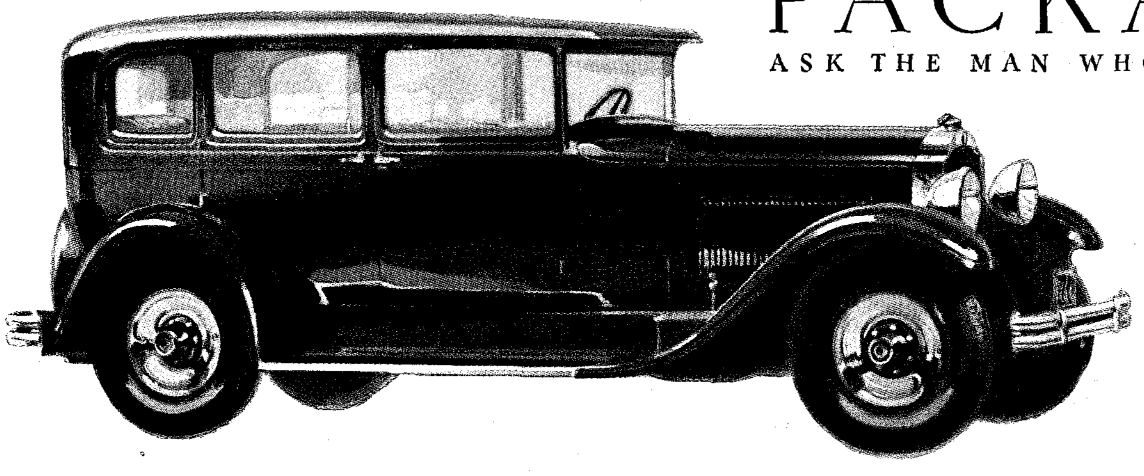
The Packard Standard Eight Five-Passenger Sedan, pictured below, is the most popular of all the distinguished Packard models. And justly so—for it provides Packard luxury at a factory price of but $2485.

Naturally the Standard Eight Sedan has brought new thousands of owners into the Packard family. It has been the greatest single factor in making the Packard the largest-selling truly fine car in the whole world. For nowhere else can the motorist who wants the best obtain so much in beauty, comfort and distinction—and in performance—for the money he invests.

All that the name Packard means to everyone who knows fine motor cars is provided in the Standard Eight. Everything in design, everything in engineering, everything in materials and workmanship, which Packard can give, is there: Smooth, quiet power in over-abundance, and supreme safety with the newly improved Packard braking system.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



PARSNIPS AND PRISON RIOTS

"GIVE US SOMETHING TO EAT, you belly-robbing—"

A roar of approval greeted the cry.

Pandemonium broke loose. Cups, saucers, plates, all the implements of the table were flying about the hall. The band scurried to safety. Old Man Canary, who had announced sternly that the parsnips must be eaten, was no longer to be seen. A "hasher" lay on the floor, his face in a steaming puddle of hot parsnips. The situation was dangerous.

Suddenly the door opened. The Deputy Warden entered—alone. A cup missed him by a hair's breadth, and plopped into the middle of a bass drum, making a ridiculous sound.

It was a saving anticlimax. Rifle- and machine-gun muzzles bristled from every vantage-point. Deftly and coolly the Deputy Warden managed the exit of the prisoners, shambling over smashed crockery. The parsnip party was over.

This mess-hall mutiny at Leavenworth is not so significant as some of the prison riots that have shocked the country, but, at least, writes ex-convict 13104 in *The Forum*, it indicates a few of the factors that produce such upheavals. This ex-convict, Ralph Chaplin, for four years a political prisoner in Leavenworth Penitentiary, tells us that the problem of the criminal is not solved by the mere expedient of locking him up. Indeed, his testimony is that sometimes the remedy is almost as dangerous as the disease. As he puts it:

> "The prison is the enigma among modern institutions.
>
> "It is like the Sphinx: every one knows it is there, but no one knows what it is there for.
>
> "Is it just a place of punishment where a vindictive society works hurt upon the bodies and minds of men and women who have broken its laws? If it is, we should know it, and proclaim the fact boldly and without hypocritical pretenses.
>
> "Is the prison a place of isolation or segregation—a sort of moral pest-house where persons with uncontrollable antisocial instincts are kept from contact with their fellow men? If so, why are persons sick in the head permitted to reenter society and spread contagion before their diseases are cured?
>
> "Is the prison a place of reformation where offenders against the law are shown the error of their ways and taught and trained to become useful members of society? If so, why are men prevented from helping their dependents and denied every opportunity to make a living or to learn how to make a living? And why are they sent back into the world penniless, softened by idleness and with minds and bodies corrupted by prison disorders?"

Many ex-convicts make good, acknowledges this one, but the struggle, especially for the young man, he says, is hard, and the prison does absolutely nothing to help him. Rather, "regardless of whether the prison is the open sore, the cesspool of wickedness, the university of crime, and all that, the fact that it encourages idleness, vice, low cunning, and desperation instead of their opposites is enough to stamp it as a plague center in an already sick civilization." Mr. Chaplin tells us:

> "There are still brutalities in prisons—plenty of them.
>
> "I have seen political prisoners chained to the bars day after day until the blood oozed from their swollen finger-tips. I have seen strong men broken and weak men hounded to madness. I have seen youths turned into perverts and perverts turned into loose-jawed imbeciles. But I have never seen a single prisoner bettered by his imprisonment, unless as the result of his own courage and character. And I must admit that I have yet to see a criminal kept by the fear of punishment from returning to the ways of crime.
>
> "Punishment can no more cure crime than it can cure insanity.
>
> "In fact, if we lock men up in order to punish them and to fill their minds with the fear of the law, then our theory of punishment stands indicted by its own record. All we have to show for our efforts is a steady increase in crime and a plethora of criminals. Crime seems to thrive abundantly on the kind of treatment it receives to-day."

Mr. Chaplin does not advocate turning all the convicts loose, or letting them go unwhipt of justice. But he is concerned with the processes of justice which, he says, looses annually a quarter of a million convicts on society in America who are no better for their isolation than they were when they were put away. It is a problem over which penologists themselves are agitated. Says Mr. Chaplin of the inmates who are freed:

> "They are no better now than when they were put away.
>
> "They come out penniless and embittered.
>
> "They have not learned how to make an honest living or how to find pleasure in useful work. And at least some of them have learned to love the ways of crime and idleness in prison and are free to carry the contamination with them wherever they go. Admitting that they have been punished—what of it? Those who feel a sort of grim satisfaction in seeing an offender suffer for his sins will find that satisfaction a poor safeguard to a society threatened by the evils born of imprisonment.
>
> "What I am trying to say is that the problem of criminality should be taken seriously. Crime, like malaria, is not an accident but a phenomenon. It deserves at least as much study and attention as the matter of mosquito abatement. Sanitation and civilization go hand in hand.
>
> "Public health is inseparable from public hygiene. No doubt this is as it should be.
>
> "But how many bloody and destructive mutinies in mismanaged prisons, overcrowded and reeking with degeneracy, will be required to convince the public conscience that the corruption and not the correction of the prisoner is the tendency of our system of imprisonment?"

SHOULD SUNDAY-SCHOOLS GO?

A PENNY IN YOUR HAND for the collection box, freshly scrubbed face and hands, shoes shined, hair parted, clothes stiffly starched, you remember most of you at least; and you were off to Sunday-school.

You learned about Ananias and Sapphira, David and Goliath, Noah and the Ark, Jonah and the whale, and went home with freshened conscience and a guide for the week.

Now comes a minister and says the Sunday-school should be abolished as having outlived its usefulness. At a recent meeting of the Chicago Ministerial Union, dispatches tell us, the Rev. Phillips Osgood of Minneapolis said the Sunday-school undermines the church. Briefly, his point is that, in consequence of Sunday-schools, children have a religious life entirely different from that of their parents, the tendency in that direction explaining an increasing lack of religion in the American family. Parents, he thinks, gradually come to think that their own obligations have been discharged when they have sent the children to Sunday-school, and the children, on growing up and leaving Sunday-school, do not go to church, not having been trained in the habit.

It is a serious indictment, comments the Milwaukee *Journal:*

> "But one can think of several things to ask. Is the reverend doctor, who evidently has given serious thought to this, so sure that denying Sunday-school to children will bring them and their elders to church? Or will both be among the missing? That wouldn't help much.
>
> "For, tho we did learn too much about the whale and too little about Jonah's spiritual experience; tho we wondered if David had our kind of sling or the old-fashioned pattern; even tho we slyly pinched the other boy's anatomy, and sometimes sang *sotto voce* strange words to the tune of 'Happy Land' and 'At the Cross'—at least we learned something about the Bible. And we acquired something of a sense of duty. There was discipline for life in the very idea that proper parents sent good children to Sunday-school. To-day it often seems that there is nothing much that proper parents must do except provide modern houses as eating- and sleeping-places.
>
> "To-day most of our new communities are not separate entities at all, but suburban groupings in or on the edge of large cities. The residents are still within reach of their churches, tho it may be they attend less and less often. But they have children, and presently they demand a Sunday-school; the church develops around it.
>
> "Now would these parents who feel the need of Sunday-school have acted at all if the Sunday-school idea were given up? That is one question. Another is the old one of how many members any church has who never went to Sunday-school.
>
> "Sunday-schools are admittedly a long way from meeting the ideal of religious instruction and training in the spiritual values of life. It may be that the time has come for something better. But it needs to be shown that you can drive grown persons to worship by depriving them of a special form of religious service for their children."

That *something* which makes a Chrysler a *Chrysler!*

THERE is a certain thrilling something about Chrysler performance that one never senses or enjoys in any other car. It is "something" and yet somehow *everything*. It is the spirit and sure stride of Chrysler speed. It is the gliding sensation of Chrysler smoothness. It is the electric aliveness of Chrysler pick-up. The answer, of course, is Chrysler engineering. With new, roomier bodies of dreadnought construction; with new, bigger, more powerful high-compression engines—and, in the "77" and "70" with Down-Draft carburetion, together with the sensational Multi-Range 4-speed transmission and gear shift—these latest Chryslers farther outdistance all attempts to equal Chrysler performance. And besides, there is more style in Chrysler beauty, just as there is more *go* in Chrysler power and more *stop* in Chrysler brakes—internal-expanding, weatherproof hydraulics, the safest brakes known to automobile science. Get a personal experience at the wheel—and you will realize with full conviction why a Chrysler inspires a pride all its own.

There is a Chrysler for every purse and every need from
$795 to $3575

The "77"
9 body styles, $1625 to $1825

The "70"
7 body styles, $1295 to $1545

The "66"
6 body styles, $995 to $1095

New Chrysler Six
5 body styles, $795 to $845

The Imperial
8 body styles, $2995 to $3575

All prices f. o. b. factory

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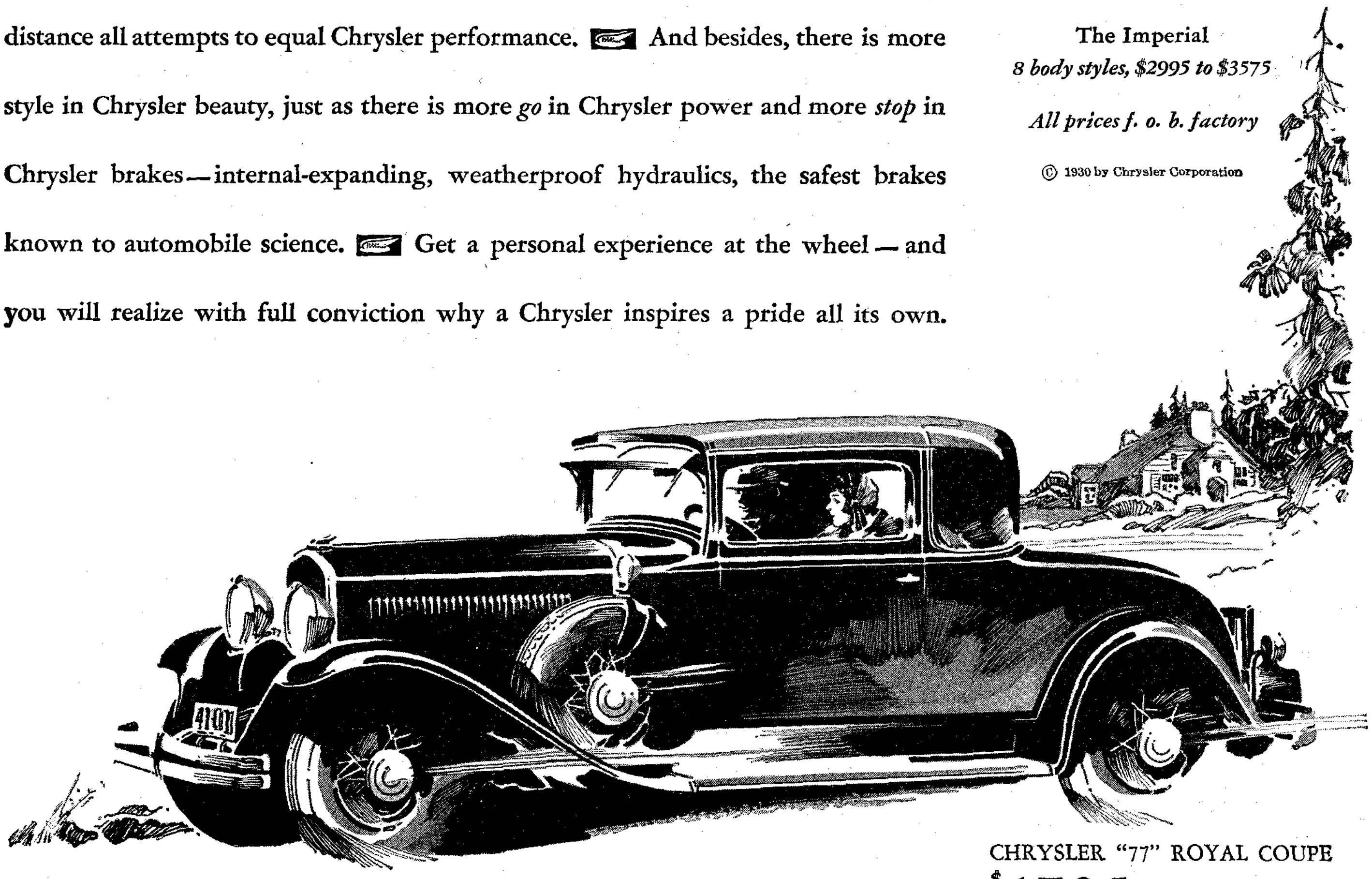

CHRYSLER "77" ROYAL COUPE
$1725 *F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)*

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

PROSPECTING BY SYNTHETIC EARTHQUAKE

BABY EARTHQUAKES, CREATED BY DYNAMITE, send waves through solid rock and earth to guide the up-to-date prospector for oil and ore.

By measuring the speed of these waves, he gets an idea of the character of the strata through which they have passed, and acts accordingly. The days of burros, hazel wands, and "doodlebugs" are left behind, and the petroleum industry alone, we are told by Thomas D. Darlington, in *The Hercules Mixer* (Wilmington, Del.), has been put a century ahead by these new methods. Writes Mr. Darlington:

Photographs by courtesy of *The Hercules Mixer* (Wilmington, Del.)

A SYNTHETIC EARTHQUAKE

"For hundreds of years prospectors have scoured remote vastnesses and scratched the earth's surface with eager picks. Tunnels, shafts, and drill-holes have probed her depths. Now comes the new prospector to seek the earth's treasures and log her strata by methods which scarcely scratch the ground.

"Modern geophysical methods direct with exactitude the efforts of the producers of minerals and oil. Electricity, radio, the seismograph, the torsion balance, dynamite, and photographic films are tools in the hands of the modern explorer of the earth's structure.

"The geophysical engineer is the up-to-date prospector. To the comparatively recent 'grubstaked, lucky boy' prospector, he bears the same relation as the modern specialist does to the old-time herb doctor.

"It is in the search for ore bodies or petroleum strata in virgin territory that geophysical methods stand preëminent. There are several different 'schools' using as many different methods. One group makes its determinations by measuring the 'electrical resistivity' of different structures. Another group measures minute differences in gravitational pull by means of a 'torsion balance.' In the oil fields, however, there has been a wide application of the 'seismograph.'

"The 'seismic' method, which involves the measurement of synthetic earthquakes created by dynamite, is one of the most popular forms of present-day prospecting. All manner of geological exploration is now carried on with explosives and the new vibration-recording instruments.

"During the war seismographs were used to locate big guns. The recoil was transmitted through the ground as elastic shock waves. Little was known of the speeds attained by these waves in different formations; consequently many errors crept into the calculations. The war served seismic science in securing a wider distribution of information about its processes.

"From these processes, however, evolved the amazingly accurate present-day system of logging geological structures from the surface.

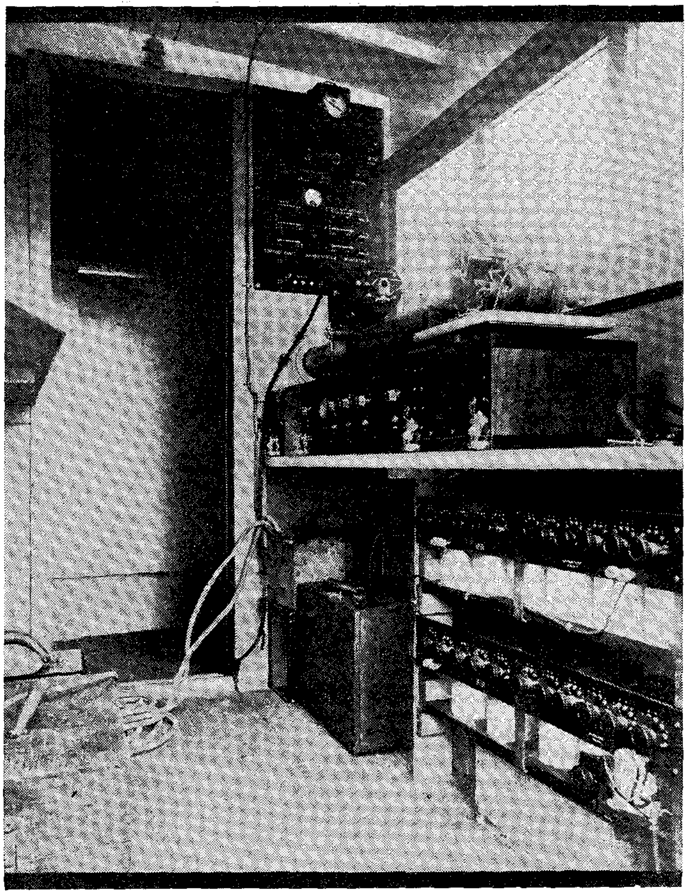
"Great secrecy attended the methods by which the first commercial geophysical work was carried on. To-day, however, large companies offer complete seismic-research services, and several of the oil companies have their own staffs in the field with explosives and instruments."

In the Gulf Coast region the application of seismic prospecting is particularly favorable, we are told. The great salt domes may readily be located by seismograph. The nature of the deposits and the density of the strata govern the speed at which the shock waves travel from the point of explosion to the instruments. Says the writer:

"Let us suppose that a California oil company wishes to explore a certain territory. No one has yet succeeded in showing the actual presence of oil, but there has been great success in determining the next best thing—favorable structure.

"In former years costly drilling campaigns were instituted. To-day the geophysicists arrive on the ground in trucks equipped with seismograph and recorder. Additional trucks bring dynamite and shooting equipment.

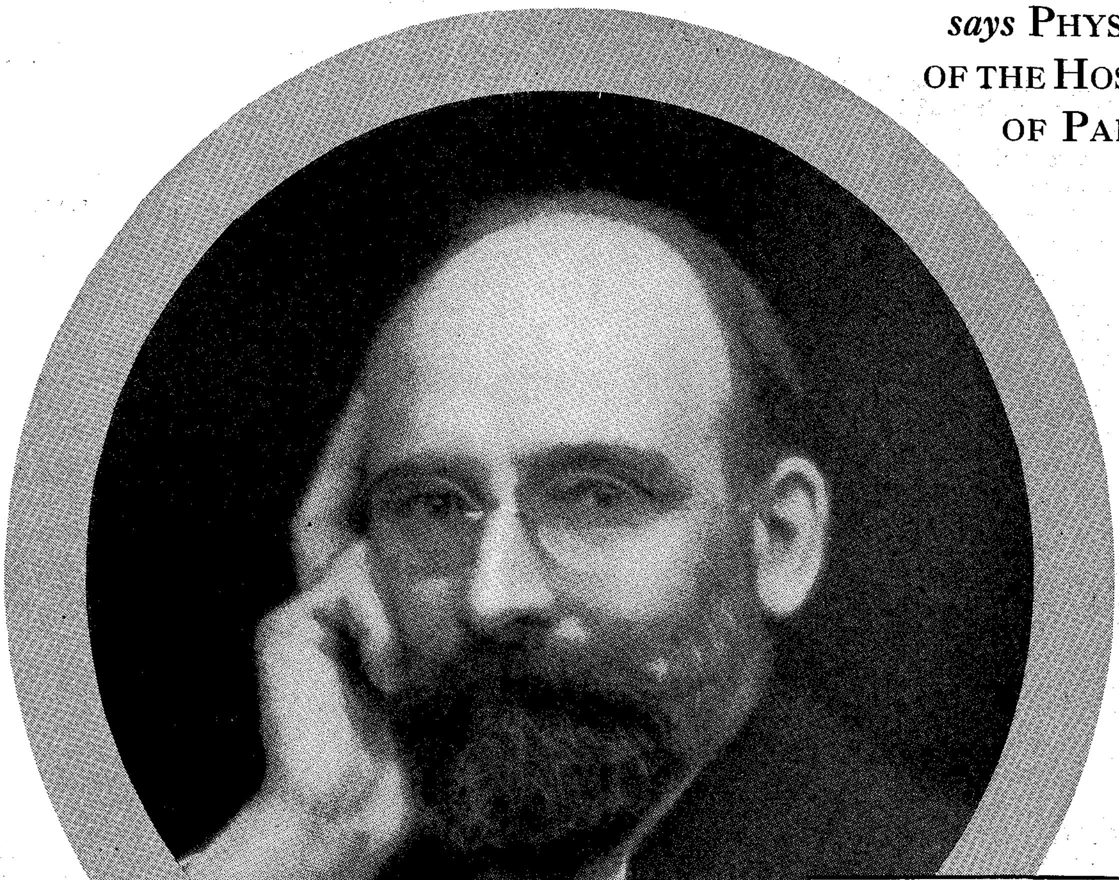
"The system frequently used in California is to set up the recording instruments and fire lines of shots over the territory to be surveyed, systematically covering the whole area. The



WHERE EARTH SHOCKS ARE RECORDED

People who are under par need this *living food* . . .

says PHYSICIAN
OF THE HOSPITALS
OF PARIS



DOCTOR GEORGES FAROY . . . specialist in diseases of the digestive tract . . . Physician of the Paris Hospitals . . . author of the famous "Digestive Therapeutics" . . . This great physician says:—

"Fresh yeast is a food—a living food. It increases gastric and intestinal secretions. It aids digestion. It overcomes constipation. By checking intestinal poisons it is useful in treating furunculosis (boils), pimples, etc.

"Yeast is very rich in vitamin B, which nourishes the body cells. Irradiated, it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D, so important in building strong bones and teeth.

"Yeast is a valuable food for people who are under par."

Make this remarkable stimulating food *your* spring tonic! Benefit from the *two* precious vitamins (B and D) in which every cake abounds. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on the label.

OTHER WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHORITIES SAY:

PROF. DR. ADOLF CLUSS, internationally known authority on nutrition, states, "Yeast is a food endowed by Nature far beyond most others with power to guard the health of man."

DR. JULIUS CITRON, Berlin metabolism expert, says, "Run-down people often become completely changed after yeast has been added to their diet."

DR. PITTALUGA, physician to the aristocracy of Spain, declares, "Yeast stimulates the glands and has a general tonic effect. Its use will banish constipation, renew appetite, aid digestion."

"My doctor advised yeast when I was run-down"

"I was very weak," writes MISS ALICE ELSON of Chicago. "My digestion was miserable. My doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast, which improved my appetite, digestion and energy."

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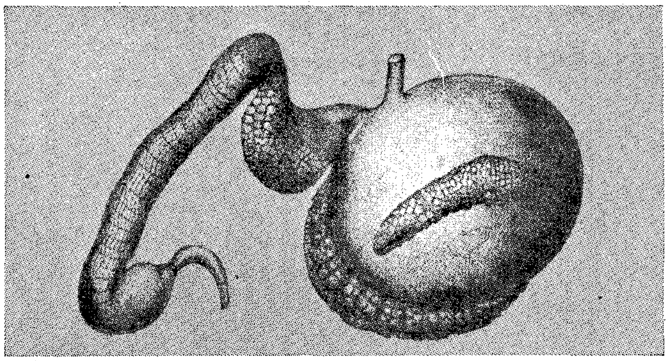


A CAMEL'S STOMACH

dynamite is detonated electrically and the exact moment of its detonation recorded on a moving film; an instant later the earth tremors reach the seismograph and are recorded. Some of the tremors go down into the earth and travel along lower strata. These latter may reach the receiving apparatus before the waves which travel along the surface of the ground.

"Surface material usually transmits vibrations more slowly than the underlying shales. At some spot on the surface both sets of waves will arrive at the same time. The distance of these spots from the receptor determines the depth of the shale-strata below the surface.

"The seismic method is used in Texas and the Gulf Coast region in a slightly different way. When it is desired to explore a given territory, several acres near the center of it are leased to be used as the shooting ground; the damage to the terrain is confined to this space. The Gulf Coast companies make use of a short-wave radio-transmitter. Observation parties are in constant touch with the shooting ground, and a radio signal indicates the instant of firing the charge.

"The most favorable structure for the accumulation of oil in this region is a salt dome. Observations are taken at points radiating from the shooting ground, and the following data are recorded on the moving film of the seismograph: the instant of the explosion, the time taken for the sound of the explosion to be heard, and the time passage before the arrival of the shock wave.

"If nothing more than the usual clays lie between the observer and the shooter, the velocity of the wave is usually in the neighborhood of 6,000 feet per second. If a much greater speed is observed, the chances are that the wave has passed through a salt-dome formation, and the oil company immediately begins the work of leasing the land. A very fair proportion of the structures located by seismic prospecting have proved to be oil-bearing. It is estimated that the petroleum industry on the Gulf Coast has been advanced by one hundred years through the disclosures already made by these methods."

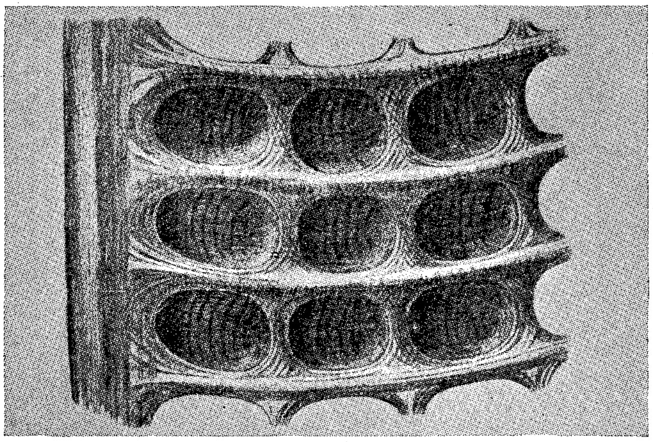
THE CAMEL'S WATER-STORAGE SYSTEM

THE CAMEL KEEPS HIS WATER-SUPPLY, not directly in his stomach, as is usually asserted, but in a battery of cells closely connected with that organ.

How this is done is described in *Kosmos* (Stuttgart) by a contributor signing himself "Dr. G. V.," relying on the recent investigations of Pycraft, an English zoologist. We read:

"How is it possible for the camel to live so long without drinking? This question has been for a long time the subject of animated discussion. According to Nolde, Arabian camels at hard labor may even go without drinking for twenty-five days in winter, and five days in summer. In the western Sahara camels are watered only when a spring is reached, which may involve a wait of twelve days.

"For a long time it was assumed that during dry periods the stomach serves the camel as a reservoir. This may be read over and over again in descriptions of desert travel, which tell us that even when the last drop of water has been consumed travelers parched with thirst may still find in the camel's stomach a supply of the longed-for moisture. But, strange to say, the oft-reported capacity of the camel to store water in its stomach has again and again been questioned, and recently an English zoologist, W. P. Pycraft, has scientifically studied this problem."



WHERE THE CAMEL STORES HIS WATER-SUPPLY

Mr. Pycraft has found that the camel's stomach may indeed store considerable quantities of water, and that this is accomplished by means of special, chamber-like structures, which open into the interior of the stomach, and, we read:

"When the camel drinks water, the 'water-chambers' of its stomach fill; and while they always appear wide open in a dead animal, in a live one, as soon as they are filled, they are closed tight by the contraction of ring-shaped fibers that surround their orifices.

"In this manner a considerable amount of water—according to Pycraft, several quarts—may be stored in a camel's stomach, and this internal 'watering-place' enables the camel to live for days without any water-supply from outside."

HOW COMMON THINGS WORK—X

HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES: THE HOT-AIR FURNACE

THE HOT-AIR FURNACE is still widely used. Partly for economy, partly because it provides fresh heated air, instead of heating the indoor air over and over.

But it has its problems, and must be handled rightly to get the results.

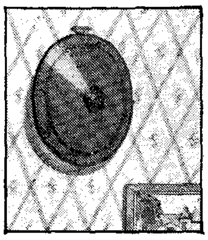
Helpful advice is found in Prof. Frederick A. Osborn's "Physics of the Home" (McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York). He writes:

"The hot-air furnace's chief advantages are the low cost of installation, the combination of heating and ventilation, the quickness and ease with which the system responds to sudden changes in the outside temperature. Some of the disadvantages are: cost of operation, the leakage of fuel gases into the air supply, and the difficulty of heating the windward side of the house. The first objection can be largely controlled by the type of furnace and the reheating of at least a part of the used air. The leakage of gas is greatly reduced by proper firing. The difficulty of heating certain rooms on the windward side can be largely overcome by having two outside air-ducts, one on either side of the house, arranged with dampers for closing either one or both, and by taking some of the air supply from the rooms.

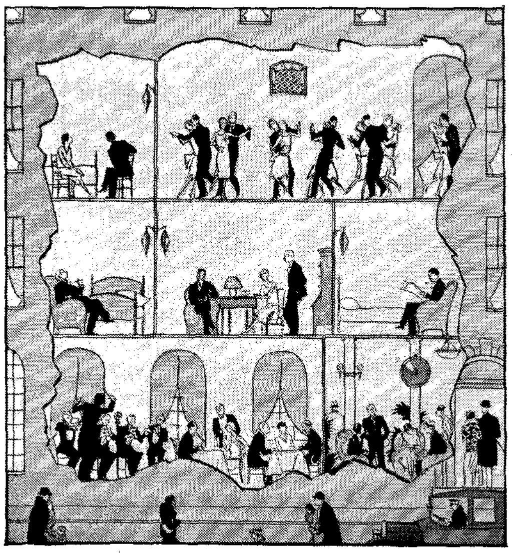
"A furnace having a somewhat larger air-heating capacity than the size of the house actually requires has usually been found to be more economical of coal. It will permit larger volumes of air moving at slower velocities, thus making unnecessary the forcing of the fire, which is wasteful. The modern hot-air furnace may deliver as much as 75 per cent. of the heat units in the coal to the rooms, tho its efficiency is usually somewhat less—40 to 50 per cent."

Says A. C. Willard, in an article on "Heating the Home with Warm Air" in "Heating the American Home" (*Good Housekeeping*, New York):

"The circulation of air in the house takes place automatically in accordance with the well-known natural law that since cool air is heavier than warm air it will fall or flow downward through the house and the return air-duct to the bottom of the furnace casing, while the warm air at the same time rises through the casing, leaders, and stacks to supply heat to the rooms above the furnace. Since the force which produces this circulation is very small, all the warm-air pipes as well as the return air-duct must be as short and direct as possible, without sharp turns or abrupt changes in section. The operation of a warm-air system will be seriously affected if too-small and too-long pipes are used, or if changes in the velocity and direction of the air flow are made abruptly. Painstaking attention to these details and the elimination of friction and turbulence in the piping system are more than justified when laying out and installing one of these plants."



BUILT-IN-MUSIC



A MODERN IDEA MADE POSSIBLE BY WESTERN ELECTRIC

Many progressive hotels now fill their walls with music—yours to enjoy by simply switching on the loud speaker in your room.

Western Electric Public Address System enables a single orchestra to be heard in every room desired. And the same system—hooked up with a radio receiver or with the Western Electric Music Reproducer — distributes through the building broadcast programs or music from phonograph records.

In large meeting rooms this Public Address equipment makes all seats good. Even though you sit in the last row you hear every word as clearly as though up front. Schools, hospitals, public buildings, amusement parks and airports are using this system to widen the range of hearing.

This equipment, in refinement of workmanship, tonal quality and reliability, reflects the experience gained by Western Electric in 50 years of telephone making.

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PUBLIC ADDRESS AND MUSIC REPRODUCTION SYSTEMS

Distributed by GRAYBAR ELECTRIC *Company*

MADE
BY THE MAKERS
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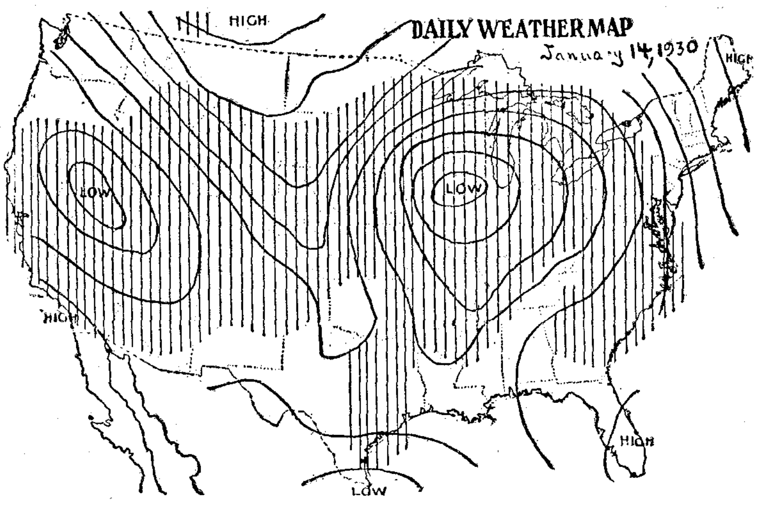
"THE DAY OF THE BIG RAIN"

THIS WAS JANUARY 14 LAST, when rain was falling all over the United States, from Maine to California, and from Canada to the Gulf—a very unusual occurrence. What circumstances brought about the "Day of the Big Rain"? asks *Current Science* (Columbus, Ohio). What causes any rainy day? It explains:



A COUNTRY-WIDE "LOW"

"Through the ocean of air, at the bottom of which we live, move great eddies.

"These great whirls of the atmosphere are several hundred miles across, and because of the rotation of the earth, they move from west to east at the rate of about 500 miles a day.

"Their circular motion is from right to left, in the opposite direction to the hands of a clock. In the lands south of the equator these movements are reversed, as the eddies travel from east to west, and turn in the same direction as the clock's hands.

"There are two kinds of these great eddies. In one of them, the air near the center is rushing upward. The winds, therefore, blow toward the center from all sides.

"They suck up moisture from the ground, the streams, the leaves of plants; then, as this water vapor is carried upward into the chilly heights it condenses into clouds. If these become too heavy, it is possible that rain or snow may follow.

"Barometers on the ground that measure the weight of air will record less than the usual air-pressure at the base of these uprising columns. Such an eddy, then, is called 'a low'; the meteorologist calls it 'a cyclone,' which is Greek for 'a whirl-around.' Altho the word 'cyclone' is sometimes used in this country to mean a terrific wind-storm, such storms are more properly called 'tornadoes.'

"The other kind of eddy is one in which the air in the center rushes downward, and the winds blow out from the center in all directions. At the bottom of this column the barometer will record more than the usual air-pressure; such an eddy is therefore called 'a high.' 'Anti-cyclone' is the meteorologist's name. Cool air from above will lower the earth's temperature at its surface; what little moisture may be brought from the heights will be easily held as invisible vapor by the atmosphere that becomes warmer as it falls. Bright, cool weather travels with the 'high.'

"On January 14 a huge 'low' centered over northern Illinois, and winds rushed toward it all the way from Florida, the Atlantic, Canada, and the Rockies. Over Nevada another 'low' hung. A small 'low' covered southern Texas. There was no room between them for any 'highs,' hence the clouds poured their moisture—solid, flaky in the north; liquid and round in the south—upon the ground in a solid sheet from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The only spots of fair weather were underneath a 'high' just leaving the New England coast, another just entering via the Puget Sound, a belt along the Mexican border, and the Florida peninsula, where another 'high' lingered in the orange groves.

"All the rest was rain!

"It was, indeed, the 'Day of the Big Rain,' and will be long remembered, at least by the experts of the Weather Bureau."

HOW TO TAKE MEDICINE—Wide variation in the size of teaspoons and tablespoons suggests to the Drug Trade Bureau of Public Information a caution to the public in using these devices for measuring doses of liquid medicines. We read in its *News Bulletin* (Newark, N. J.):

"For a few cents the family medicine-chest can be supplied with a graduated 'medicine glass,' thus avoiding possible 'over-doses' or 'under-doses' in the administration of medicines. This warning is one of a series of suggestions relating to the handling and administration of medicines in the home, issued in connection with the observance of First-Aid Week. Other suggestions are as follows:

"Never take medicine in the dark.

"Always look at the label and read the directions before taking a dose of medicine.

"Never increase the dose or take it more frequently without consulting your physician.

"Pour from the bottle with label upward. This keeps the label clean and legible.

"Never take medicine originally intended for others; the drugs it contains may be entirely unsuited for your condition, and be actually harmful.

"Capsules, pills, and tablets should always be taken with a few swallows of water, unless otherwise directed by your physician.

"Keep medicines out of reach of children.

"Keep capsules, pills and tablets in a dry place—moisture may spoil them.

"Always keep medicine bottles, boxes, jars or tubes tightly corked or tops securely on.

"Keep ointments and salves securely closed, and in a cool place.

"Never interchange tops or covers on pill or powder boxes if they bear directions regarding use. Dangerous results may occur.

"After using an eye-water in an eye-cup, do not pour it back into the bottle, as this is apt to contaminate the preparation."

NEW PLANET RESEMBLES EARTH

THE NEW PLANET RESEMBLES THE EARTH and the other inner planets in size and brightness more nearly than it does its huge closer neighbors, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune, Dr. John Q. Stewart, Princeton astronomer, tells Science Service.

Black as coal, nearly as dense as iron, twice as dense as the heaviest earthly surface rocks—so Dr. Stewart's estimates reveal the new planet. Because of the great pull of gravity, a man there could jump less than half as far as he could here on the earth. Says the Service's *Daily Science News Bulletin* (Washington):

"From the observations showing the planet to be of the fifteenth magnitude, and the prediction of Professor Lowell that it would have about seven times the mass of the earth, Dr. Stewart has made a preliminary calculation of some of the planet's characteristics.

"'The planet is very faint,' he said. 'At the same distance from the sun and earth, Neptune would be about sixty times brighter. Only Mercury and Mars would be fainter. Either Lowell's predicted mass is not strictly correct or the planet is very dense or very black.'

"Dr. Stewart's tentative results make the planet's density between six and seven times that of water; its diameter 14,000 miles; its angular diameter about a twenty-five-hundredth the apparent diameter of the moon; the force of gravity on its surface more than twice that of the earth, so that with a spring balance a 150-pound man would weigh something like 325 pounds on the planet. He also estimates that it reflects about 4 per cent. of the light falling on it, so that it would be little brighter than a coal pile."

This interesting comparison is made by *The Science News-Letter* (Washington):

"A cranberry placed three and a quarter miles from a globe two feet in diameter makes a model of the new planet in relation to the sun. Mercury, innermost planet, would be represented by a mustard seed eighty-two feet from the two-foot globe representing the sun; Venus by a pea at 142 feet; the earth by a little larger pea at 215 feet; Mars by a grain of corn at 327 feet; the asteroids by 1,500 or more grains of dust and sand scattered in a circle about 700 feet away; Jupiter by an orange at a quarter of a mile; Saturn by a small orange at two-fifths of a mile; Uranus by a cherry at one and one-quarter mile. The nearest star would be represented by a globe a foot or more in diameter at 7,500 miles."

Mm! Coffee!

Yield to its tempting fragrance-

without fear.... without regret!

Drink Sanka Coffee and Sleep!

THERE'S nothing quite so appetizing as the cheery aroma of coffee—nothing quite so satisfying as its rich, full flavor. To sniff its fragrance, to sip its spicy richness, is little short of a benediction and a blessing.

And it is a blessing you need never forego. If the caffein in coffee has robbed you of sleep—if it has affected your nerves or your digestion, now you can have a genuine, delicious coffee from which 97% of the caffein has been removed. It is Sanka Coffee. From Sanka Coffee are gone all of caffein's effects—but in it still remains all of coffee's cheering fragrance and satisfying flavor.

Full of coffee's old-time goodness!

One single cup of Sanka Coffee will prove that caffein adds nothing to coffee's tempting aroma—to its delightful flavor. One single cup of Sanka Coffee will yield that same immediate sense of satisfaction other coffees gave you—for that comes, not from caffein, but from the warmth and flavor of the drink itself.

Sanka Coffee is delicious—uncommonly delicious. And it should be. For it is a blend of the choicest Central and South American coffees grown. Nothing is added—nothing but caffein is removed. Coffee experts recognize that no other blend is finer in quality, in flavor or in aroma.

Thousands of eminent physicians here and abroad endorse Sanka Coffee whole-heartedly. They recommend it to patients who cannot drink other coffees because of caffein's effects upon sleep, nerves or digestion.

Satisfaction—or your money back

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee—ground or in the bean—in pound cans that preserve its freshness and its fragrance. He sells it on this money-back basis: "If, after a thorough trial, you are not fully satisfied, simply return what's left, and we'll cheerfully refund the full purchase price."

Produced by Sanka Coffee Corporation, 1 Joralemon St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Get a pound of Sanka Coffee today at your grocer's and enjoy the delights of coffee—with none of caffein's penalties.

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SANKA COFFEE

Genuine *Delicious*

SANKA
COFFEE

☆ WITH 97% OF THE CAFFEIN REMOVED ☆

MAKE
THE
NIGHT
TEST!

The first time you try Sanka Coffee drink it at night. It won't keep you awake. Next morning you'll know, from actual experience, that you've discovered a delicious coffee you can enjoy morning, noon and *night—without regret!*

THE POISON IN "POISON LIQUOR"

IT IS ALWAYS THERE, for its name is alcohol.

Some "bootleg" liquor contains other poisons, due to crude distillation or to substances used in "denaturing," but they are usually in such small quantities that the drinker who took enough to kill him would be dead from alcoholism long before he was poisoned by anything else.

These, at least, are the conclusions of Dr. R. N. Harger, writing in *The Journal of the Indiana State Medical Association* (Fort Wayne). In his view all liquor is "poison liquor," if one takes enough of it.

Excessive drinking has always caused deaths, but Dr. Harger believes that Prohibition has cut this mortality about in half. He writes:

"Every few days the newspapers carry stories regarding someone who has died from what they call 'poison liquor.' They are circulated widely by the drys in order to frighten thirsty souls, and they are just as assiduously used by the wets in order to discredit Prohibition.

"The public has accepted these stories pretty generally as being correct, and some physicians appear to believe that these deaths are due to poison in the liquor.

"According to available statistics, the number of deaths in the United States from liquor last year amounted to about 4,700. It is larger than the death-rate from many minor diseases. Its annual toll is more than half as great as from typhoid fever, and two-thirds as high as from dipththeria. It would seem that this problem merits some attention on the part of the medical profession.

"We accordingly ask ourselves, 'What is the poison in "poison liquor"?'

"I have analyzed quite a number of samples of liquor which have caused death or have produced toxic symptoms. Moreover, there are plenty of other figures available. Analyses show that present-day illicit liquor may be divided into three classes: first, liquor that is imported into this country; second, liquor made in this country under rather crude conditions; and third, industrial alcohol, partly denatured and diverted to beverage use. Let us see what poison could be present in each of these classes.

"First, the imported liquor. It is made under approved conditions, aged properly, and, therefore, should contain no poison. But that so-called 'good liquor' can kill if taken in sufficient quantity is well known.

"The second class is the so-called 'moonshine' liquor. It may contain poisons from the original mash, which would not be present under standard methods of manufacture. There are two such poisons, fusel oil and acetaldehyde. Long before the drinker would get a fatal dose of fusel oil he would be killed by the ethyl alcohol. Acetaldehyde presents a somewhat similar case.

"Of the three classes of bootleg liquor, that which is made from partially denatured alcohol presents the most complicated situation. There are two kinds of denatured alcohol. The first one is termed completely denatured, and can be purchased at any filling station or paint store. It contains wood alcohol together with some kerosene. However, the fact seems to be that at the present time very little bootleg liquor contains any methyl alcohol.

"The bootleggers are now afraid of it. Government statistics show that for every person who dies of methyl or denatured alcohol about twenty die from liquor containing no methyl alcohol.

"The second class of denatured alcohol is partially denatured. Each particular industry requiring alcohol may have its alcohol denatured in a certain way suitable for its own manufacturing processes, and at the present time the list of formulas for specially denatured alcohol numbers about fifty, employing for this purpose some eighty chemicals, all the way from carbolic acid and nicotin to arnica and oil of cloves. Most of the chemicals used as special denaturants are removed easily by distillation, so that few of them actually get into illicit liquor. Furthermore, a consumer drinking them without purification at all will be killed by the ethyl alcohol present before he gets a fatal dose of the denaturant.

"By elimination we can arrive at only one conclusion, and it is that ethyl alcohol is about the only substance which can account for these deaths.

"If these deaths are due to ethyl alcohol, then victims should have in their bodies at the time of death the concentration of ethyl alcohol which is known to kill. This is exactly what has been found. The coroner's chemists of New York and Chicago have each published a large number of analyses in cases of this sort, and their figures show that in practically every sudden death from liquor the body of the victim contained enough ethyl alcohol to account for his demise. My own experience is entirely in accord with this view.

"At this point you would perhaps like to ask the following question: Granting that ethyl alcohol will produce death in some cases, still, why is it that there has been such an increase in deaths from liquor since Prohibition? The answer is that there were actually more deaths from liquor in the 'good old days' before Prohibition.

"The other day the newspapers stated that 30,000 people had died from alcoholism in the ten years since Prohibition. That is probably about correct, but had they taken the trouble to examine the similar ten-year period preceding Prohibition, they would have found almost double that number of liquor deaths.

"Since most of the present-day American liquor is 'hard liquor,' the surprizing thing is that there are not more deaths from it.

"When we consider all available evidence, we must conclude that the poison in 'poison liquor' is usually ethyl alcohol, the very thing that gives the 'kick' to the liquor. It would seem that so-called 'good liquor' becomes 'poison liquor' if the concentration in the consumer exceeds five or six parts per thousand."

WE GROW FASTEST IN SPRING

JUST LIKE THE WILD FLOWERS; finds a Swedish physiologist, Dr. Gustav Nylin.

This season, however, does not add most rapidly to our weight. We put on weight fastest in late autumn and winter.

Thus, when we gain in height, we slow up in weight, and vice versa. Dr. Nylin's account of his studies is thus reviewed in *The British Medical Journal* (London):

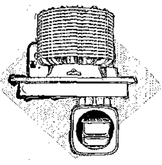
"His measurements were made with the greatest care, by standardized apparatus, on large groups of school children in Spänga and Stockholm.

"All sorts of difficulties arose almost at once—for example, in settling the exact time of day for the measurements, for it had been observed by previous workers that boys will show a decline in height of about half an inch during the day, regaining this amount completely by next morning. However, Dr. Nylin was able to get round such possible sources of error, and his statistical methods appear to have been most elaborate. His results reveal a definite periodicity of growth in children during the year. The height increase showed a well-marked maximum over the period of March to May, a smaller but distinct maximum during November to January, and two minimal periods—September to November and January to March. On the whole, weight increase varied inversely with the height increase, a maximal period of height increase being associated with a minimal period in weight increase, and vice versa."

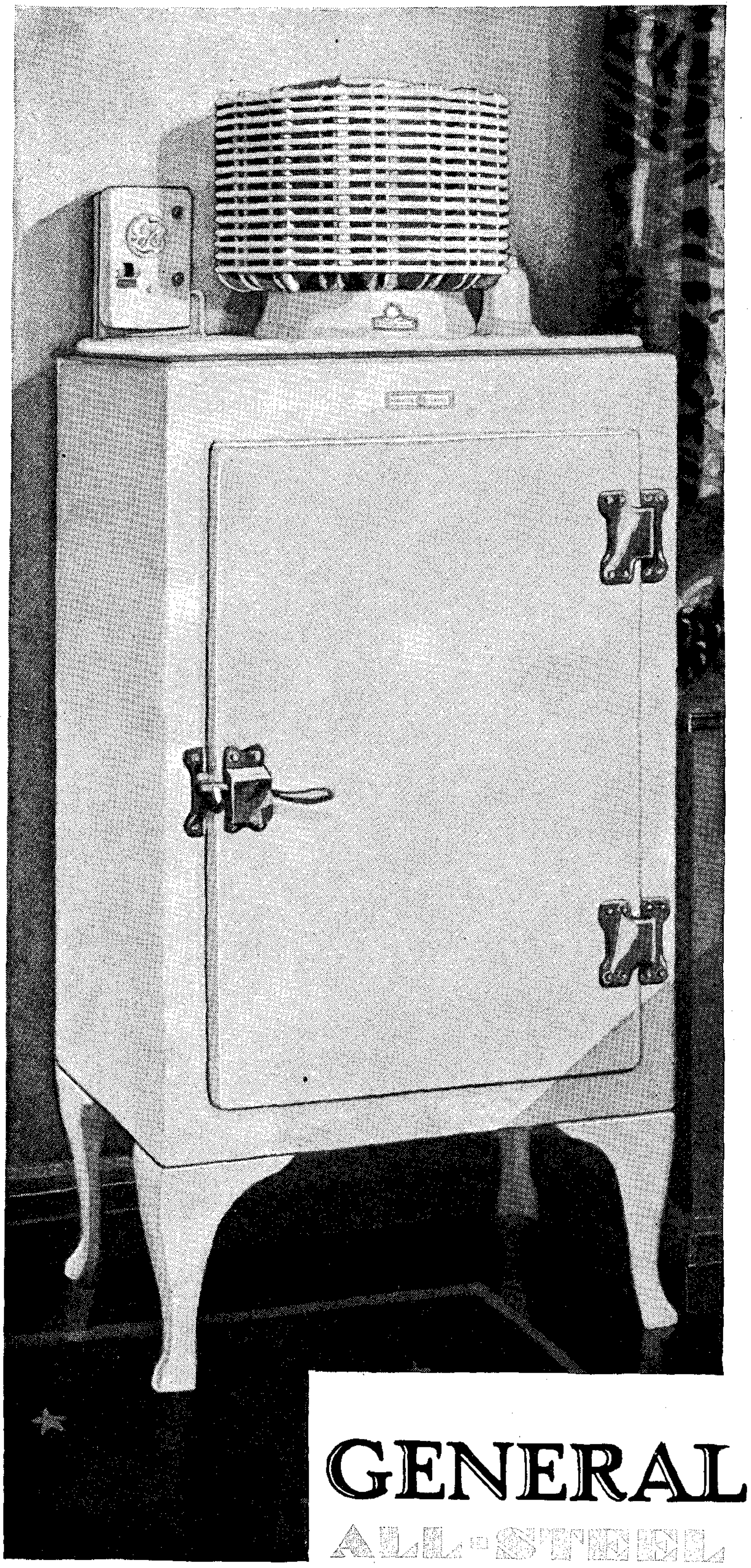
The oxygen capacity of the blood also shows a periodicity, with a minimum during the dark period of the year, and a maximum during the light period. These relations between the sun's rays and increase in growth were made the object of a special experiment in which two groups of children were irradiated with ultra-violet light. Says the reviewer:

"It appeared from these that irradiation tends to stimulate the height increase but retard the weight increase, but the results of such experiments have to be very carefully interpreted in terms of the exact periods of the year during which they take place. Seeking for the causes of all these variations, Dr. Nylin divided possible factors into outside and inside. Among the former are food, school, and climate. The difficulties of assessing these various possible causes are very great. The question of milk and its influence on the growth of school children is given full consideration, and many interesting observations bearing on the question of climatic conditions are put forward and discust. Dr. Nylin is, on the whole, against the view that periodical variations in growth are due to variations in the water content of the body, and, while admitting the importance of sunlight for growth, he points out that his findings of a period of maximum increase in height during the winter months November to January are against such a connection. On the whole, he is inclined to consider that internal factors are of more importance, but that these are affected by varying external factors, of which the most active is light."

Of the hundreds of thousands of owners



NOT ONE HAS PAID A CENT FOR SERVICE



What greater proof of the supreme efficiency and economy of the General Electric Refrigerator could be asked?

Not a penny for service! What is it that makes such an unheard of thing *possible?* Look at that small round unit on top of the General Electric cabinet. Your answer is there—the answer which tells you why the General Electric Refrigerator is the most inexpensive refrigerator you can own.

In that amazing unit on top is housed your refrigerator's entire mechanism—sealed forever against dirt, rust, moisture—and trouble. And sealed up with it is a *permanent* supply of oil, that will protect the mechanism as thoroughly in the years to come as on the day you first plug your General Electric Refrigerator into its socket.

And the General Electric cabinets you will find as durable and efficient as the remarkable mechanism that preserves your food within them. Glistening white inside and out, with immaculate porcelain lining, they are *all-steel*—every inch.

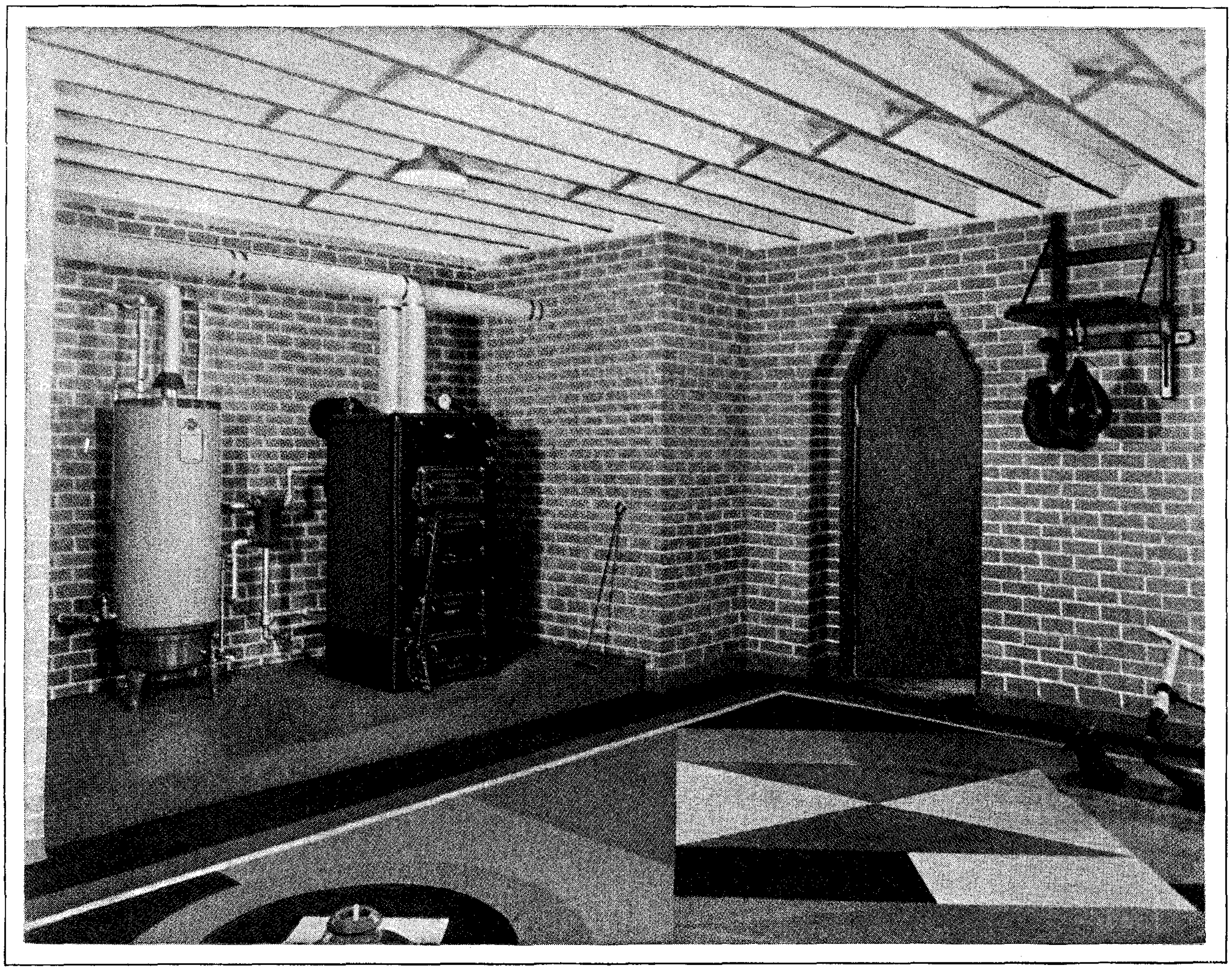
Extra storage space, accessible freezing regulator, easy-cleaning features, low running cost, quiet operation—these advantages you will often think of and appreciate, *after* you have bought your refrigerator. If you think of them *before* you buy, there is only one refrigerator you will even consider!

Prices now start as low as $205 at the factory—and most people buy on our easy time payment plan. For our catalog and easy terms, address Section D-4, Electric Refrigeration Dept. of General Electric Co., Hanna Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Join us in the General Electric Hour, broadcast every Saturday at 9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time, over a nation-wide N. B. C. network

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR



American Radiator heating adds new home comforts to old home ties

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Please send me catalog on Ideal Heating. The fuel I plan to use is Coal ☐ Coke ☐ Oil ☐ Gas ☐. Also send me particulars of your Time Payment Plan.

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A peculiar sentiment attaches to an old home . . . the longer you live in it the less you like to give it up . . . But you can't keep warm on sentiment ...old homes are usually cold homes, and family health is more important than family memories...Yet it is not necessary to sacrifice either . . . keep the old home, but get rid of its antiquated heating equipment . . . keep the old memories, but install a heating plant that will keep an even temperature . . . the benefits of American Radiator Heating are equally desirable in new homes and old . . . If, for example, you are thinking of buying a new home, specify the equipment which the best architects specify for themselves...Your architect will also confirm our warning not to combine American Radiator Heating with other types of equipment . . . it must be All-American to ensure perfect coordination and efficiency.

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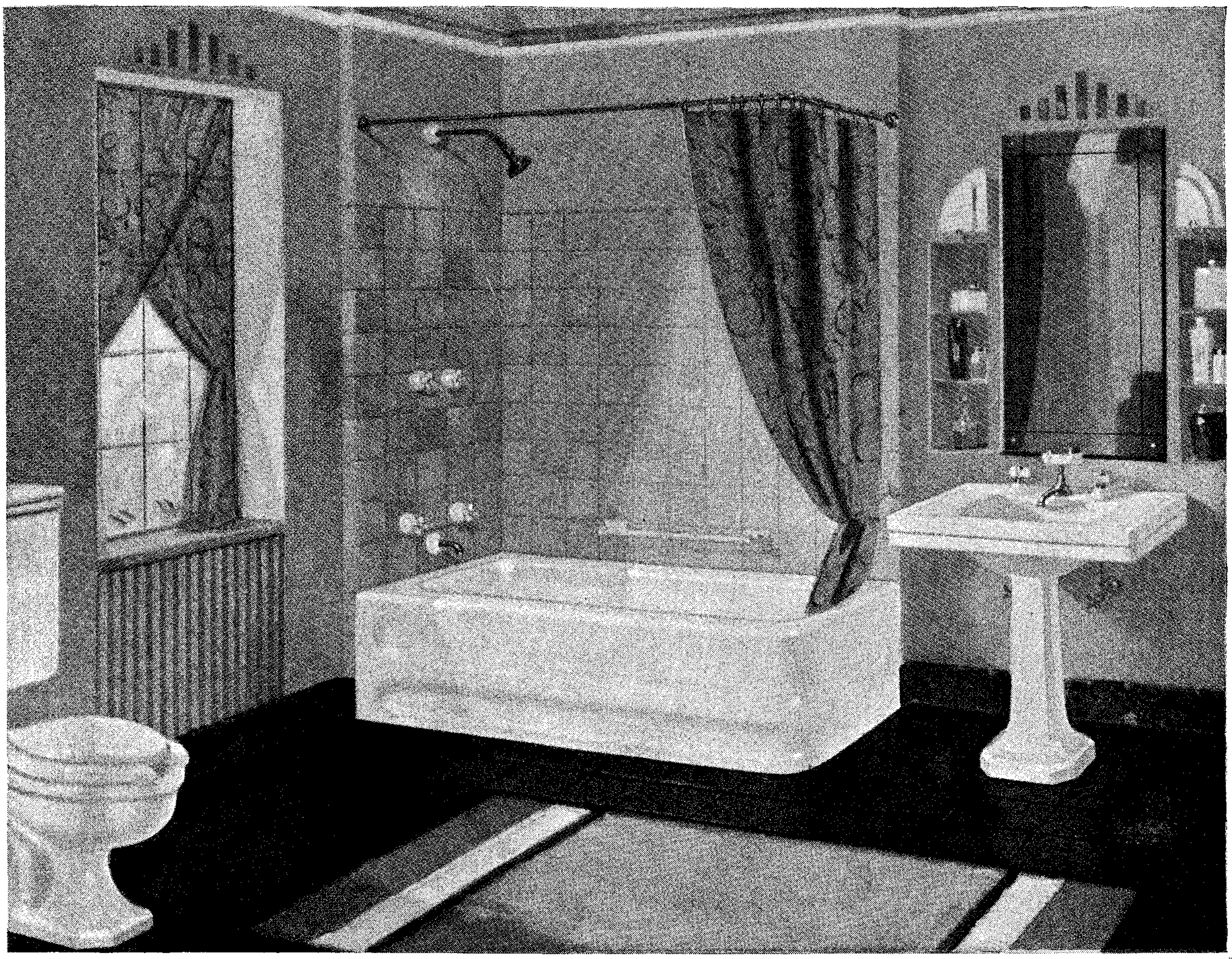
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
40 WEST 40th STREET, NEW YORK
DIVISION OF
AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION



More beautiful than ever and now you may have them on easy payments

Plumbing fixtures of Ming Green, of exquisite orchid, deepest blue, or old ivory, of moonlight blue or du Barry Rose, distinguished black or red—imagine the transformation they would make in your bathroom!

Did you know that "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures, even the most inexpensive designs, are made in these colors, and that they cost but little more than white? The price of the group illustrated above, built-in bath, pedestal lavatory and water closet of genuine vitreous china, all in ivory, with china fittings of the same color, is only $343. The same group in white is $263. These prices do not include cost of installing.

Nor do you need the full amount in cash. You need only a small part of the total cost, including your plumbing contractor's charge for installing the fixtures. The balance may be paid in convenient monthly installments.

Telephone your plumbing contractor today. He will be glad to give you an estimate free, and explain the "Standard" Time Payment Plan. If you prefer, visit a "Standard" Showroom or use the coupon to obtain the details of this plan.

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106 SIXTH STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

DIVISION OF

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"Standard" PLUMBING FIXTURES

Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa. L. D. 4-19-30

Send me complete details of your Time Payment Plan and a copy of the book, "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures for the Home, with a list of "Standard" Showrooms.

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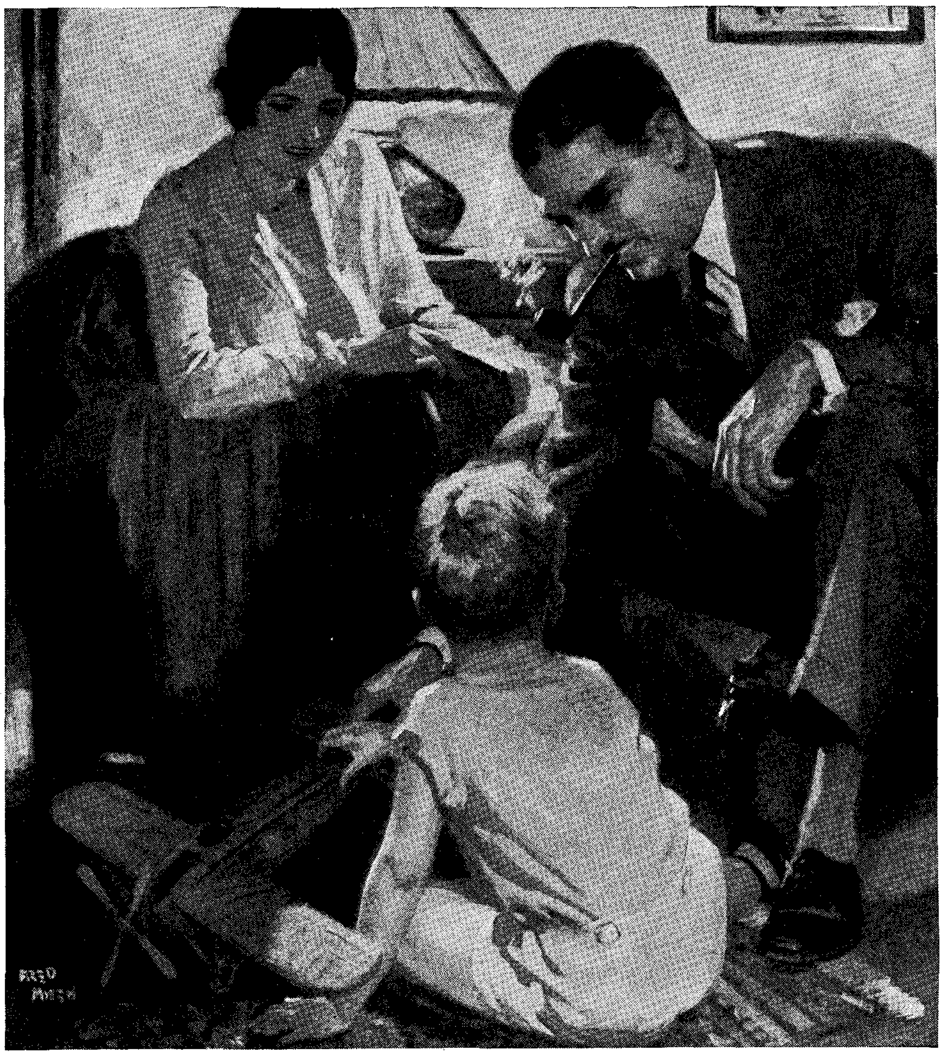
Home, safe home



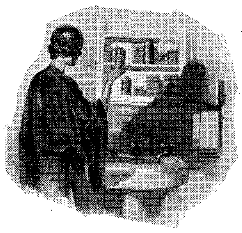
WE ARE APT to think of scientific laboratories when prevention of disease is mentioned. Conquerors of far-flung plagues spring into our mind's eye . . . great hospitals . . . clinics . . . the glorious drama of medicine.

Yet, one of the greatest reasons why life is healthier and safer today is our enlightened, intelligent homes. Here the campaign against disease never stops . . . here the discoveries of medicine are eagerly accepted . . . and here are carried out *daily* the thousand-and-one little things that make us a people resistant to disease, whose homes are the most healthful of any period in history.

E. R. Squibb & Sons have co-operated with four generations of parents in the practice of prevention at home. While serving scientific medicine through the development of vaccines, sera and preparations of the utmost purity, the House of Squibb has also served the home by preparing products for the medicine cabinet that meet the same high standards.

Squibb Products contain in generous measure the Priceless Ingredient, the Honor and Integrity of the Maker. Keep them in your medicine cabinet . . . and when emergencies arise, and to meet the common needs of every-day life, you can turn to them with full assurance that they are the finest and purest that can be made.

Squibb's Home Necessities



SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL—a pure, refined product, exceptionally rich in Vitamins A and D.

SQUIBB'S VITAVOSE—a milk modifier, exceptionally rich in Vitamin B and assimilable iron salts, delicious in taste.

SQUIBB'S MILK OF MAGNESIA—universally known as a safe, effective antacid and gentle laxative—free from any suggestion of earthy taste.

SQUIBB'S CASTOR OIL—special Squibb processes of refining and manufacture make it tasteless, and it stays that way.

SQUIBB'S LIQUID PETROLATUM—a safe, internal lubricant . . . odorless, tasteless—non-habit-forming, non-fattening.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM—made with over 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—neutralizes acids, protects as it cleans. Guards The Danger Line.

SQUIBB'S NURSERY POWDER—an unusually fine, impalpable powder, prepared from the best Italian talc. Pure and non-irritating. Fragrant and soothing.

SQUIBB'S TOILET LANOLIN—delicately perfumed. Lanolin is recognized as the nearest equivalent of the skin's own pliant lubricants—unexcelled for chapped skin.

SQUIBB'S OLIVE OIL—a pure, rich oil pressed from the finest quality hand-picked olives. You will prefer its crystal-clear body and its delightful flavor.

SQUIBB'S BORIC ACID POWDER—excellent as a dusting powder—exceptionally pure.

SQUIBB'S BICARBONATE OF SODA—refined to an unusual degree of purity, hence more palatable and efficacious.

SQUIBB'S EPSOM SALT—entirely free from impurities and therefore free of the usual bitter taste of ordinary epsom salt. Easy to take.

SQUIBB'S SHAVING CREAM—a double-action cream that restores the protective, natural oils of the skin. The result of many experiments by the Squibb Laboratories.

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E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, New York *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858*

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

AMOS 'N ANDY: THE AIR'S FIRST COMIC STRIP

"NOW, LISTEN, ANDY, lemme tell yo' sumpin'. If yo' wanna come out heah and sit down in this taxicab, just remember one thing—dat when de time comes fo' yo' to git sumpin' to eat tonight, yo' ain't goin' have no money to git it wid. I ain't goin' lend yo' a cent, yo' hear dat?"

"Now listen, Amos. Bizness is bad in de taxicab bizness."

"Well, I glad to heah yo' say dat cause I done got yo' another job."

Copyright, Bloom, Chicago. From International

HERE THEY ARE; YOU KNOW WHICH IS WHICH

Naturally, it's Andy who is recumbent and, possibly, thinking; and you don't have to be told that it's the industrious Amos who has the broom.

"Whut yo' mean, yo' done got me another job?"

"I been ovah theah talkin' to de man in the shippin' department in one o' dese heah stores an' he's goin' give us ten cents apiece to deliver packages from now till Christmas, an' I just wanna tell yo' dat yo' got de job."

"I ain't got no job."

"Git in dat taxicab. We goin' drive oveh to de store and start deliverin' packages right now. Come on!"

"Wait a minute."

"Don't gimme no back talk. Git in dat automobile."

Need we say who is speaking?

If there be any of our readers who do not know, it is Amos 'n' Andy in one of their nightly dialogues—Amos 'n' Andy of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company, Incorpulated, the air's first comic strip.

Their familiar phrases, "I'se regusted," "Sho, sho!" and "Check and double check," are known, loved, and followed by probably hundreds of thousands of radio fans all over the country. So are their associates, Pat Pending, Ruby, Madame Queen, and the King Fish, who, by the way, are all impersonated by the originators of Amos 'n' Andy themselves.

Amos 'n' Andy go on the air just after Floyd Gibbons's nightly broadcast on the Digest's Prohibition Poll. Mr. Gibbons begins at 6:45 o'clock, eastern standard time; Amos 'n' Andy make their entrance at 7 o'clock.

According to the New York Telephone Company, there is a distinct drop in phone calls at this time of day, indicating the number of people who are busy listening in.

A few more words will indicate the popularity of Amos 'n' Andy to those few of our readers who may not know them. Only President Hoover, H. P. W. Dixon tells us in *Radio News*, has the air right of way over them.

In six months, the same writer tells us, they have broadcast 150 times, the equivalent of three years on the air for an ordinary weekly program.

Any rumor that they are going to be missing for an evening brings protests in veritable floods. Once when a catastrophe did keep them silent their continuity for the evening had to be published in the papers. Both theaters and restaurants, we read elsewhere, are using their programs to lure patrons.

Everyone wants to know who Amos 'n' Andy are, and so, without more ado, here are some statistics: Freeman F. Gosden is Amos, the trusty, industrious workhorse of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorpulated. Charles J. Correll is Andy, the mastermind and president of the company, who is always "workin' on de books," "restin' his brain," or "layin' down to think."

But, perhaps you'd like to hear it from their own lips. In *The American Magazine* James R. Crowell lets them tell their story in their own way, identifying themselves and giving brief autobiographies. First Mr. Crowell lets us hear the familiar accents of Amos, with interruptions by Andy:

"Folks, dis is Amos speakin'—Amos Jones, driveh of de Fresh Air Taxicab. We jes' receive yo' lettehs. Dey is too many fo' us to anseh by hand, 'cause I has to drive de taxicab 'roun' all day, an' Andy, he's de prez'dent of de company an' co'se he kain't botheh 'bout nuthin' like writin' on de typewriteh. Folks, my real name is Freeman F. Gosden. I comes from Virginny. All de membehs of my fambly is very white. I'ze de fust one an' on'y one eveh turn black. I'ze born in Richmond in 1899. I'ze talleh dan Andy an' I has light hair. Folks—"

"You is plenty dumb, too."

"You is plenty dumb, too. . . . Wait a minnit, folks, I don't mean you is dumb. Andy say dat to me an' git me all mix' up. . . . Shet yo' mouf, Andy."

"Hurry up dere, Amos, dey don't want heah nuthin' 'bout you—dey wants heah 'bout me."

"In de war, folks, I 'listed in de navy. When de war is oveh I goes home an' gits a job travelin' fo' a tobacco company. Den I practises how to sing an' clog an' dey puts me on de Elks show an' de Bricklayehs show—"

"You means de Masons, Amos."

"I mean de Masons. An' de Mystic Knights of de Sea show—"

"You means de Mystic Shrine, crazy."

"I means de Mystic Shrine. An' den I gets a job wid a Chicago company whut puts on shows, goin' all 'roun' tellin' de people how dey should act when dey goes in one dem shows. Dey calls it coachin' or sumpin'—an' den I meets Andy, who's doin' de same thing fo' de company. Folks, dat's me, Amos. An' now Andy, he goin' tell you sumpin'."

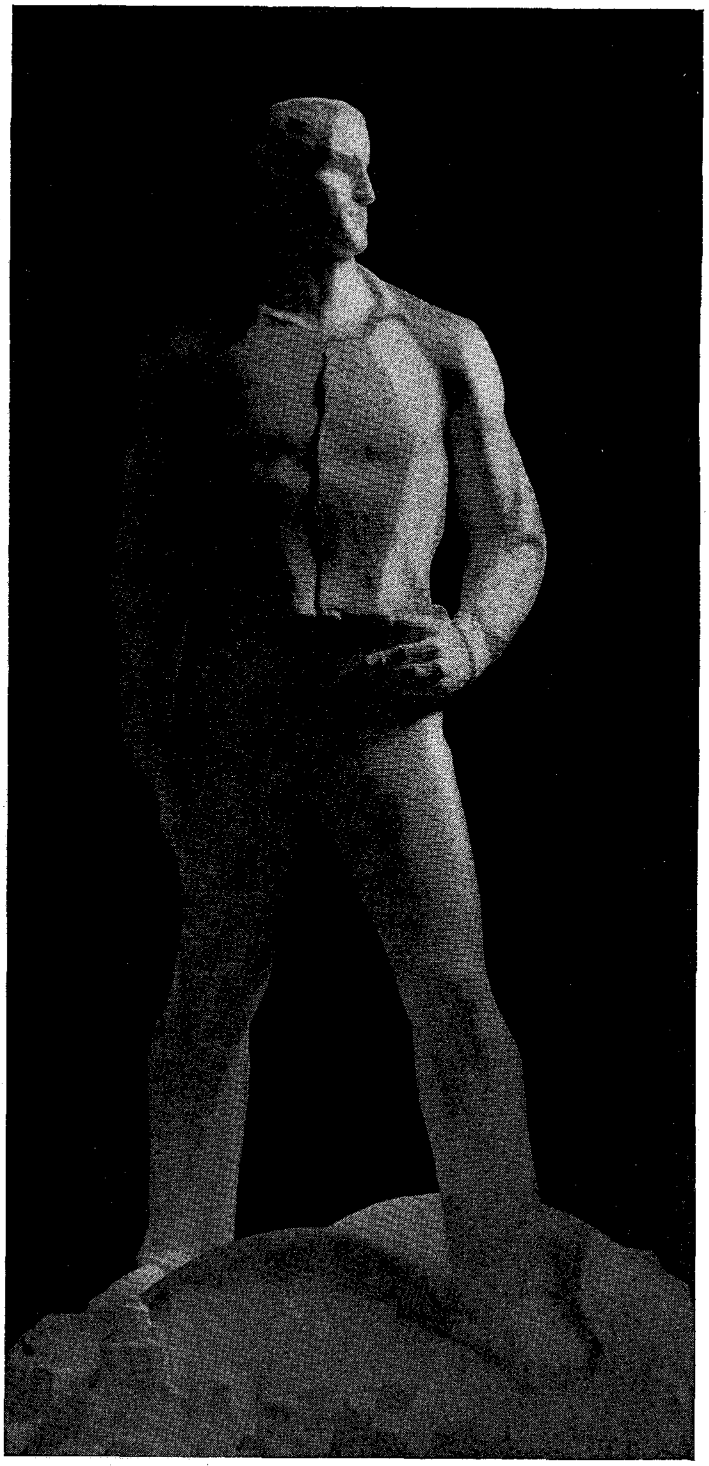
Now Andy has his turn as speaker and addresses us thus:

"Sho', sho', folks, dis is Andy speakin'—Andy Brown, prez'dent of de Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorpulated. Folks, you is lissenin' to a self-made man. By rights I is Charles J. Correll an' I is born all white in Peoria, Illinois, in 1890.

"De fust dollah I eveh makes is sellin' noospapehs. When I grows up, de fambly want me to be de same as dey is. Dey is

the

eader always looks



"Leadership"

from the original sculpture created for the Vacuum Oil Company by Mr. Warren T. Mosman.

It is dangerous to be a leader. A leader stands out in front, in full view, facing forward.

If you wish to remain a leader, you have to keep on facing forward. You have to move faster, think more quickly, see more clearly and act more decisively than your followers or your competitors. As a leader you can't merely "do your best"—you have to do *better than anyone else.*

The makers of Mobiloil have experienced the dangers, the exhilaration and the constant challenge of leadership for 64 years.

DO YOU REMEMBER THE 6-CYLINDER FORD?

Perhaps you still remember the one-cylinder Cadillac and the six-cylinder Ford (yes, there *was* one). *One* type of oil was generally supposed to lubricate both of them, and all other cars of that time, equally well. Oil was merely oil then.

But in 1912 you heard the makers of Mobiloil publicly challenge the whole field of automotive thought on lubrication. "No one oil," they said, "can efficiently lubricate all types of engines. There must be a special oil for *yours.*"

beyond tomorrow

With this revolutionary idea came the Mobiloil group of oils—*several types* of oil designed to meet the varying needs of different engines.

To bring scientific accuracy into the selection of the right oil for a given engine, the Mobiloil Chart of Recommendations was formulated and supplied to every Mobiloil dealer.

This guide, and the high quality of the oils it recommended, brought Mobiloil quickly to leadership.

THE GREAT OIL-RUSH

Naturally, attempts to challenge Mobiloil leadership came almost immediately.

Dozens of other brands of oil appeared. Each had its "story"—its special test, its special process or its special crude oil base.

You have seen many of these oils disappear. You have seen others come—and also go. But Mobiloil has stayed. It has not only stayed, it has uninterruptedly retained its leadership—in America, in Europe, in Asia, Africa and Australia.

How? By adhering to its scientific tradition. By anticipating new conditions. By providing the *right* oil for each new type of engine.

THE OIL HAS CHANGED BUT NOT THE LEADERSHIP

Mobiloil has changed, of course, as a leader will always change—when change has meant improvement.

Today there are new "stories" of special crudes, special processes, special tests. Yet the Mobiloil of today is still the world's leading oil—

NOT—because it is made from a particular crude base (although practically every grade of crude oil is available to its makers);

NOT—because it is made by some single special process (although the Vacuum Oil Company were the first successful makers of lubricating oils by the vacuum process, which is acknowledged to produce the finest lubricants the world affords);

NOT—simply because it passes certain tests (although Mobiloil has always maintained its lead against other oils in every scientific lubrication test).

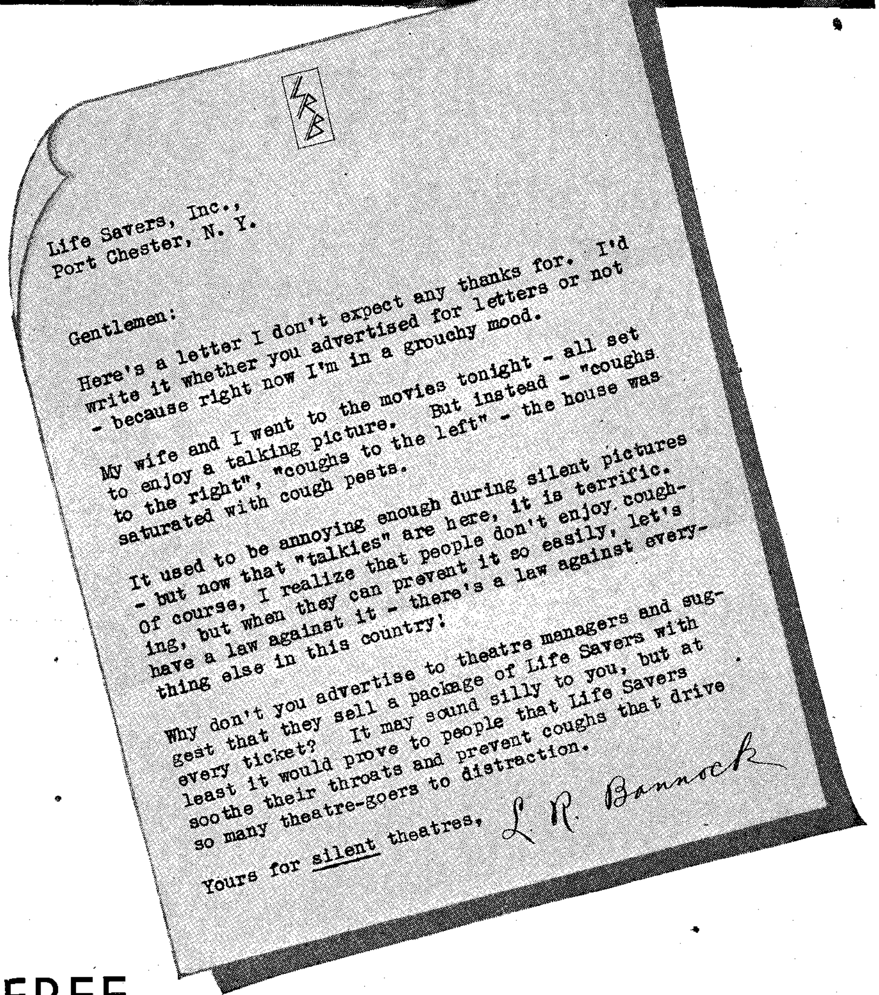
NO—Mobiloil leads today because it provides a definite type of oil for your particular engine—and because that oil is backed by (1) the most comprehensive study of automobile engines in the world, and (2) the refining experience of the world's acknowledged leader in scientific lubrication.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Should there be a law against this?*



Life Savers, Inc.,
Port Chester, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Here's a letter I don't expect any thanks for. I'd write it whether you advertised for letters or not - because right now I'm in a grouchy mood.

My wife and I went to the movies tonight - all set to enjoy a talking picture. But instead - "coughs to the right", "coughs to the left" - the house was saturated with cough pests.

It used to be annoying enough during silent pictures - but now that "talkies" are here, it is terrific. Of course, I realize that people don't enjoy coughing, but when they can prevent it so easily, let's have a law against it - there's a law against everything else in this country!

Why don't you advertise to theatre managers and suggest that they sell a package of Life Savers with every ticket? It may sound silly to you, but at least it would prove to people that Life Savers soothe their throats and prevent coughs that drive so many theatre-goers to distraction.

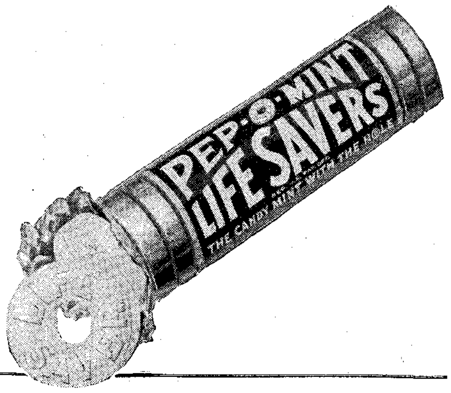
Yours for silent theatres, L. R. Bannock

*FREE

THIS interesting letter is similar to many which Life Savers, Inc., receives. For accepted letters such as this, Life Savers, Inc., Port Chester, N. Y. will send to the writers FREE a box of assorted Life Savers.

What have you discovered about Life Savers? When do you and your children enjoy them most? Don't you find that they help digestion, sweeten the breath, soothe the throat and are very delightful after smoking?

Why not write us your letter today?

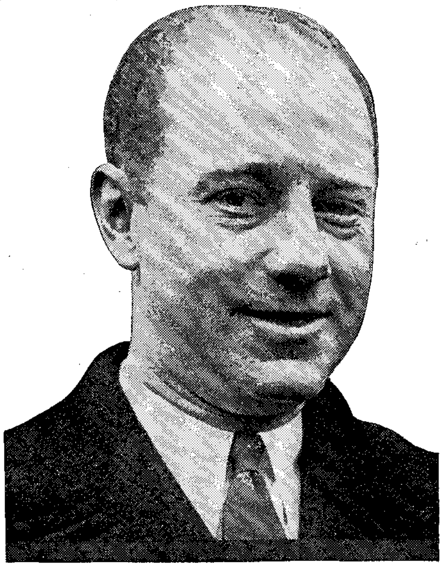


PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

all in de construssion bizness, so dey makes a bricklayeh outta me. Dat's de trufe, de whole trufe, an' nuthin' but de trufe—de prez'dent of dis heah great taxicab company was oncet a bricklayeh—"

"You outta stuck dere, too."

"I outta stuck—keep yo mouf shet, Amos.

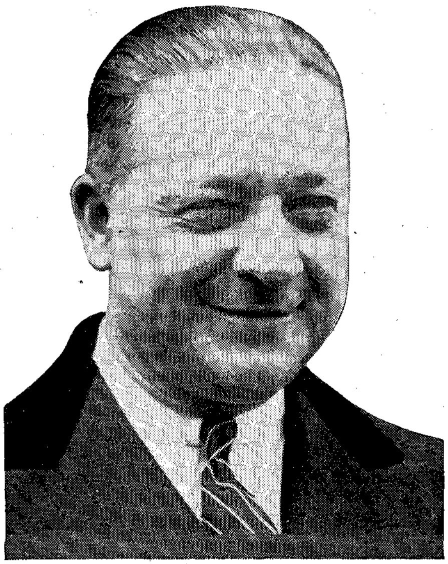


P. & A. photograph

AMOS AS HIS FOLKS SEE HIM

Me an' bricklayin' don't git along. You see, I'ze a man whut is retended to use my brains, an' bricklayin' is a bizness whut is retended fo' work. So we busts up, bricklayin' an' me, an' I gits a job playin' de piano in a movie theayter.

"Den I does a little singin' an' dancin' on de side, an' one day de Chicago people comes to Peoria an' when dey sees how good I is, dey signs me up. Pretty soon dey sends me to Durham, North Carolina, an' I meets a young fella doin' de same line fo' de same company."



P. & A. photograph

AND ANDY, TOO

"You means me, Andy, huh?"

"Yeh, folks, I means Amos. Co'se I'ze much betteh dan Amos, but I makes fren's wid him spiten dat. You know how dem things is—de biggeh a man is de mo' 'clined he is to help de undeh dog—"

"Andy, you call me a dog an' I biff you smack in de face."

"So Amos an' me, we meets frequent in de nex' six year, an' den de company take us bofe offen de road an' haul us back to Chicago to run things fo' dem. Dat was good, folks, dat was good."

Now that we know who Amos 'n' Andy are, let us go back to their act. Its essential story can be told in a paragraph, according to Mr. Dixon's *Radio News* article, and he proceeds to tell it in just that space, thus:

> Amos 'n' Andy, two colored men, operate the Fresh Air Taxicab Company in Harlem. Each night a microphone picks up the high-lights of their day as revealed in their discussions with their associates. Their business ventures, their amusements, even their affairs of the heart, are told in their conversations. The story goes on and on, and it has been asserted that if you listen in three nights in succession, you'll be an Amos 'n' Andy fan. The program is the first daily comic strip on the air.

Now we know who the boys are and what they do, so let's go ahead and get some evidence of their popularity. It is a salient feature of all tributes to them that their public feels an intensely personal relationship to them. To the listeners-in they are real folk. For example, this is the testimony of the *New Yorker's* radio critic:

> The radio never has had a more amusing feature, nor one that has created so much havoc. For Amos 'n' Andy, like Sidney Smith with his Andy Gump, have finally mastered the trick of creating suspense.
>
> With a half a dozen plots running through their sketches, they hold the dramatic tension in a way to arouse the admiration of Professor Baker.
>
> For a week the King Fish's Great Home Bank tottered on the brink of ruin and thousands of families all over America never ate a dinner in peace.
>
> The night that the Great Home Bank toppled over, with Madame Queen's $50 involved in the ruin, was the blackest since that night in October after the stock-market dive.
>
> The motion-picture theaters are complaining that Amos 'n' Andy have cut into the patronage of what is known as the supper show; in fact, several bright managers have installed radios in the theaters so that the performance may be interrupted for fifteen minutes while the sketches are broadcast.
>
> All sorts of legalities are involved. Probably one of the questions which Chief Justice Hughes has to decide is whether or not Amos 'n' Andy may be used to lure patrons to the movies.
>
> As for me, when Amos has lost his dog and when I hear nothing of a character named Pat Pending, I am desolate.

And in *The Outlook and Independent* we find this even more striking evidence, together with some historical data on the act:

> Heeding complaints from Eastern parents that they could not get the children to bed until Amos 'n' Andy had done their turn, the National Broadcasting Company shifted the fifteen-minute dialog from 11 to 7 o'clock every evening.
>
> One hundred thousand Westerners promptly protested that they had to shut up shop in the middle of the afternoon or miss out on the affairs of the Fresh Air Taxicab Company of America, Incorpulated.
>
> Consequently, Freeman F. Gosden and

PLUG IN FOR CORRECT TIME!

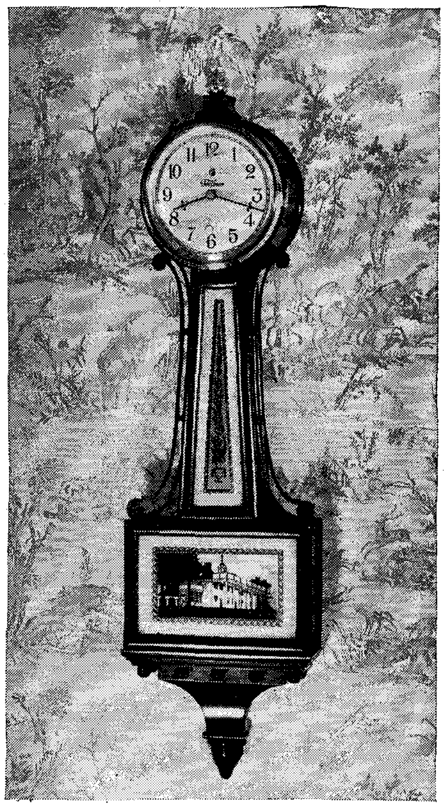
Electricity keeps the Telechron Clock in your home as accurate as the Telechron Master Clock in the power house

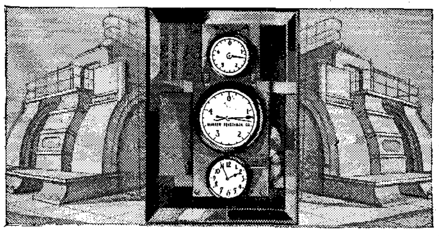
Must you guess each morning which one of your clocks is right, if any? Do you ever forget the daily or weekly winding? It's disconcerting to miss a train by two minutes — unnerving to burn a batch of biscuits. Life moves so much more serenely, when it moves on schedule. . . . And Telechron was created just to keep life like that. ● Telechron does. You can connect it with the nearest electric outlet, set it and forget it. It will serve you faithfully for weeks and months and years. Its complete accuracy is assured by even impulses of alternating current, regulated at the power house by a Telechron Master Clock. You can *trust* Telechron! ● The very same precision is built into all the Telechron models. There are banjo clocks for the wall, graceful tambours for the mantel, compact little clocks for desk or radio, bedside clocks with alarm and illuminated dial, clocks in color for the kitchen — Telechron clocks — for every purpose and every price, from $9.95 to $55.★ Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts. In Canada, Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto.

★ The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, produces grandfather's clocks and other distinguished examples of fine cabinetwork equipped with Telechron motors, priced from $40 to $1200.

Below: *Vernon, particularly popular for bedside or dressing-table. Mahogany case. Three-inch gold-finish dial, illuminated by tiny Mazda lamp. Height 6⅛". Price* **$21.**

Below: *Madison, an attractive banjo clock in early-American design. Mahogany case with colored glass panels. Six-inch silvered dial. Height 32½". Price* **$50.**





This is the Telechron Master Clock in your power house. Checked by radio with naval observatory time, it governs the speed of the giant generators that supply impulses of alternating current to regulate the Telechron in your home.

Telechron
electric time-keepers

IPANA
AND
THE BEAUTIFUL
BALL
AND
CHAIN

You may think that marriage hasn't affected your state of freedom. *But hasn't it?*

You may convince yourself that your habits and your preferences are still your own. *But are they?*

Tooth paste is one small example. Women buy 84 per cent.

The chances are pretty good that your wife buys Ipana—for thousands of dentists recommend it. But if she does not, show her these few simple statements:

1 Ipana does more than clean the teeth. It tones and stimulates the gums.

2 If your tooth brush ever "shows pink", massage and Ipana will remedy the condition; for Ipana contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by dentists in treating gum disorders.

3 Ipana has a splendid taste. It gives an instant and lasting feeling of cleanliness!

●

Ipana's two-fold protection is common sense! Let it brighten your teeth—let it keep your gums firm, pink and healthy.

Hand the coupon to your wife!

Fair One:

For some time past I've hoped to try Ipana. When next you pass the drug store, will you please buy, on behalf of your lord and master, one tube of

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

*Signed*________________________

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

Charles J. Correll now broadcast twice daily at 7 o'clock, for the benefit of Easterners, at 11:30 o'clock for those dwelling west of the Mississippi.

Amos 'n' Andy are radio's own. Their fame was born and raised before the microphone. Legend has it that the idea of a radio comic strip originated with Ben McCanna, then promotion manager of the Chicago *Tribune* and its broadcasting station, WGN.

On its staff as singers and entertainers were Gosden and Correll, erstwhile hoofers, authors of vaudeville sketches, and directors of amateur shows. With Gosden and Correll, McCanna evolved the characters of Sam 'n' Henry, indigent colored boys.

Tried out more than four years ago, the dialog instantly clicked. In Chicago, Sam 'n' Henry became as well known as the Gumps. In a few months, "the boys" were making phonograph records, which they syndicated to other stations six weeks in advance, to be released simultaneously with their own broadcasting.

Transferring after two years to WMAQ, the Chicago *News* station, they adopted the names Amos 'n' Andy—*The Tribune* owned the copyright on Sam 'n' Henry. *The News* published a daily newspaper comic strip built around them.

At WMAQ a new set of secondary characters was developed, and the horsedrawn hack of Sam 'n' Henry became an ancient taxi. When they joined the National Broadcasting Company staff last fall, Madame Queen, the Kingfish, and others whom they impersonate went with them.

Born in Richmond about thirty years ago, Gosden knows something of Negro life, but Correll, ten years older and a native of Peoria, learned about Negroes in minstrel shows.

As Andy, Correll is a lazy dreamer, the execution of whose schemes to establish a bank, purchase a typewriter, and improve the taxicab business falls largely to Gosden, the high-voiced, hard-working Amos. What humor does not derive from Andy's struggles with his income-tax report comes largely from his "regust" at Amos's stupidity.

With such simple material, Gosden and Correll have become famous and rich. They are well on the way to join Mutt and Jeff and Krazy Kat in the gallery of American folk-lore.

And now why are Amos 'n' Andy so popular? There are many theories. Smart showmen, according to Mr. Dixon in his *Radio News* discussion, credit it to the continuity, to the fact that it is a continued story. They cite the popularity of the newspaper comic strip in confirmation of this. Naturally Amos 'n' Andy, or Messrs. Gosden and Correll, have their own ideas. Mr. Dixon passes these on to us in Correll's own words:

> It isn't a wise-cracking program. People don't listen in because of the jokes that are told. In fact, the program at times has a decided touch of pathos. Amos 'n' Andy are very human. They have more than their share of faults, and they have many likable characteristics. They are always blundering into scrapes and getting out of them. In other words, they are doing what any one is likely to do under the same circumstances.
>
> The comedy is human.
>
> The Negro characterization and dialect merely point it more.

Still other reasons are these, given by Charles E. Tracewell of the Washington *Star*, as quoted in the Kansas City *Star:*

> Ask any Amos 'n' Andy fan what is the one quality, above all, which makes them so popular, and he will have a ready and instant solution.
>
> "They are so human," one says. Surely they are. Check and double check!
>
> "They are so humorous." Yes, but far below the set wise-cracking of the estimable Two Black Crows, or even of Gallagher and Shean.
>
> "They have enough sense to tell a continued story, and the American populace, bred up on serial stories, loves a continued story above all things."
>
> Grant that, too. These fellows are large, they contain multitudes. Every reason for their popularity undoubtedly is a real reason.
>
> "They get $150,000 a year, or whatever fabulous sum it is," says another, with a tinge of envy.
>
> Yes, even that helps to make them popular. In a land where entertainers of all sorts, from Babe Ruth to Alice White, draw down monstrous sums—at least in comparison with the average run—a big salary helps a lot.
>
> Subconsciously every listener says to himself, "Those shrewd business men who are sponsoring them wouldn't pay them so much if they weren't worth it—they must be good."
>
> And that phrase, "They must be good," undoubtedly helps Amos 'n' Andy be good. It works both ways. It helps the listener (drawing down his $2,000 or $3,000 or $4,000 a year) boost the boys in his own mind, and perhaps it helps the boys put buoyancy, pep, verve, and snap into their stuff. Yes, one may rather suspect it does.

All these reasons and another—the skill with which the act is presented—are conceded to be true by Mr. Tracewell. But this writer believes that the main reason has not yet been given; and this is it, as he sees it:

> It is, we believe, simply this:
>
> That Amos 'n' Andy is built around the theme of money.
>
> And money, as almost every one is ready to admit, is the one thing dearest to the American heart and mind.
>
> The plot of Amos 'n' Andy, if the nightly fifteen minutes can be said to have such a thing, is the perennial fight of some one to keep his money from getting into the hands of some one else who is trying to get it away from him.
>
> This is the drama in which we all are engaged. In this universal plot there are no villains, in the ordinary sense, nor heroes, or heroines, either.
>
> Their places are taken by the sturdy men and women of the every-day life we all know, who are intrigued, as we all are, by the desire to own something which they do not possess.
>
> We can not go down the street without seeing something we would like to buy; we can not pick up a newspaper or magazine without desiring something or other. And every wish means money.
>
> We can not answer the front-door bell

without finding a suave young gentleman standing there with but one desire in life, to argue us into purchasing something.

All of us are after every one else's money, in the strange, sometimes mad, always exciting, and often glorious adventure of modern American business life.

The young men who are Amos 'n' Andy—and their real names make little difference, because they have become these other young men—are busy every night getting money and keeping money.

Each evening money is in the background. The Kingfish is trying to get Amos's $100, to give some of it to the Battleaxe, and Amos, with his honest simplicity, yet shrewd mind, is determined that the Battleaxe shall have none of it.

America is interested in that conflict.

Primeval forces wage war to the tune of "I'ze regusted" and "Check and double check," to say nothing of "Sho, sho."

THE TALE OF THE POLITE RIVETER

"WE, too, are glad."

So ended the courteous sign that decorated a new apartment building, in the Gramercy Park section of New York, we learn from *The Sun* of that city.

But the neighbors were not surprized. They were used to polite announcements on this building. The one in question read, in full, according to *The Sun:*

THE LAST RIVET
HAS BEEN DRIVEN.
WE, TOO, ARE GLAD.

And now *The Sun* gives us the history behind this ingratiating placard, which, however, is by no means the only one that has figured in recent New York building operations. We read:

The author of the polite and well-worded sign on the board is Clement E. Merowit, not so long out of Cornell, scion of a family of New York builders.

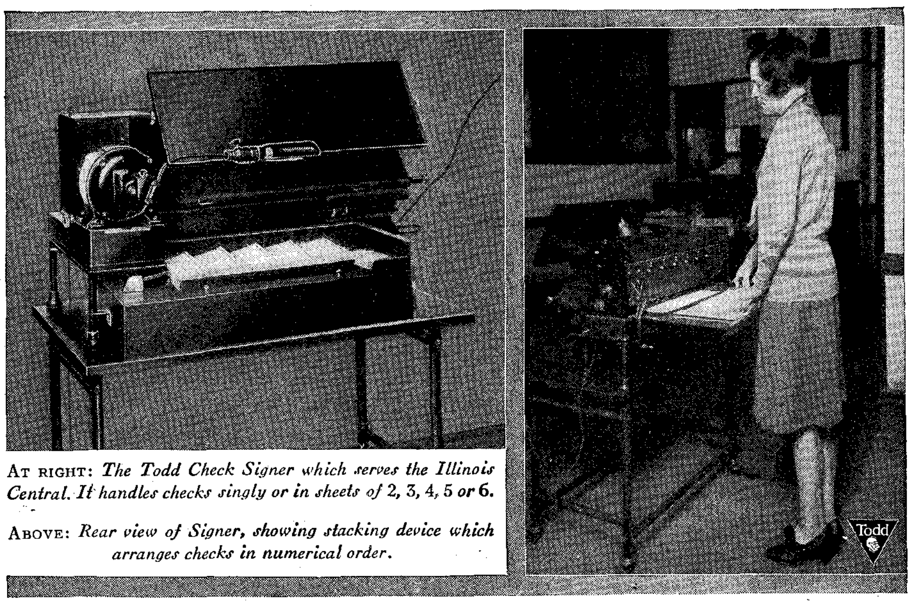
When the site was a yawning hole in the ground, with subcontractors moving in their steam-shovels and derricks, the residents of the dignified vicinage of Gramercy Park stirred uneasily in their overstuffed chairs and gloomily prepared for a thunderous racket. Mr. Merowit softened their resentment in advance by putting up a mauve sign which was an unexpected apology and showed rare understanding. It read:

OUR SINCERE APOLOGIES
TO OUR NEIGHBORS
FOR THE UNAVOIDABLE ANNOYANCE
THIS HAMMERING MUST OCCASION.

The sign drew considerable and favorable notice, both as to the delicate comprehension of the builder and his use of good English. Several metropolitan papers commented editorially on it, and papers all the way to the coast followed suit. Mr. Merowit was gratified, and a charitable feeling toward builders, riveters, and hammerers existed.

The builder's apology remained up during the erection of the steel skeleton, and now has been replaced by another sign in correct sequence, sentiment, and English. The remaining construction work will be accomplished in comparative quiet and an aura of good feeling.

TODD CHECK SIGNER PROVES ITSELF
"OUTSTANDINGLY SUPERIOR"
IN THE SERVICE OF THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL



AT RIGHT: *The Todd Check Signer which serves the Illinois Central. It handles checks singly or in sheets of 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6.*

ABOVE: *Rear view of Signer, showing stacking device which arranges checks in numerical order.*

THE letter reprinted below, explaining the experience of one user of the Todd Check Signer, shows also why hundreds of notable organizations have adopted this most modern business aid.

Illinois Central System, Chicago, Ill.
October 23, 1929

The Todd Sales Company, Chicago, Illinois
Gentlemen:

The Illinois Central System, during the year 1928, expended in excess of $90,000,000 in payment of salaries and wages.

About 130,000 pay drafts are issued each month to cover this expenditure. As the pay days are fixed each month to comply with the laws of the various states, there must be no delay or interruption in the issuance and delivery of these drafts. The period during which they must be prepared is limited. Therefore, the chief requisite is speed, consistent, of course, with accuracy and safety.

The Todd Check Signer has been in use in this department for two years. It has proved itself of great value and is indeed a very essential part of our equipment. It not only affords a proper degree of safety, but a very high degree of efficiency and has been the means of effecting a saving in time and labor. It will countersign and cut apart approximately 6000 checks per hour. This we consider a very high degree of operating efficiency, and so far in excess of the number countersigned by any previous method, as to be outstandingly superior.

Yours very truly,
(signed) OTTO F. NAU, *Local Treasurer*

Besides speeding up the issue of checks in quantities, the Todd Check Signer frees important executives from the arduous, time-wasting task of hand-signing. It may be operated by any employee. Two Yale locks and a built-in meter, which records every check passing through, simplify the matter of supervision. And the intricate signature affixed is more difficult to counterfeit than any other ever devised.

The Todd office in your city will gladly arrange a demonstration at your convenience. Or you may return the coupon below for more detailed information. The Todd Company. (Established 1899.) *Protectograph Division.* Rochester, N. Y. *Sole makers of the Protectograph, Super-Safety Checks and Todd Greenbac Checks.*

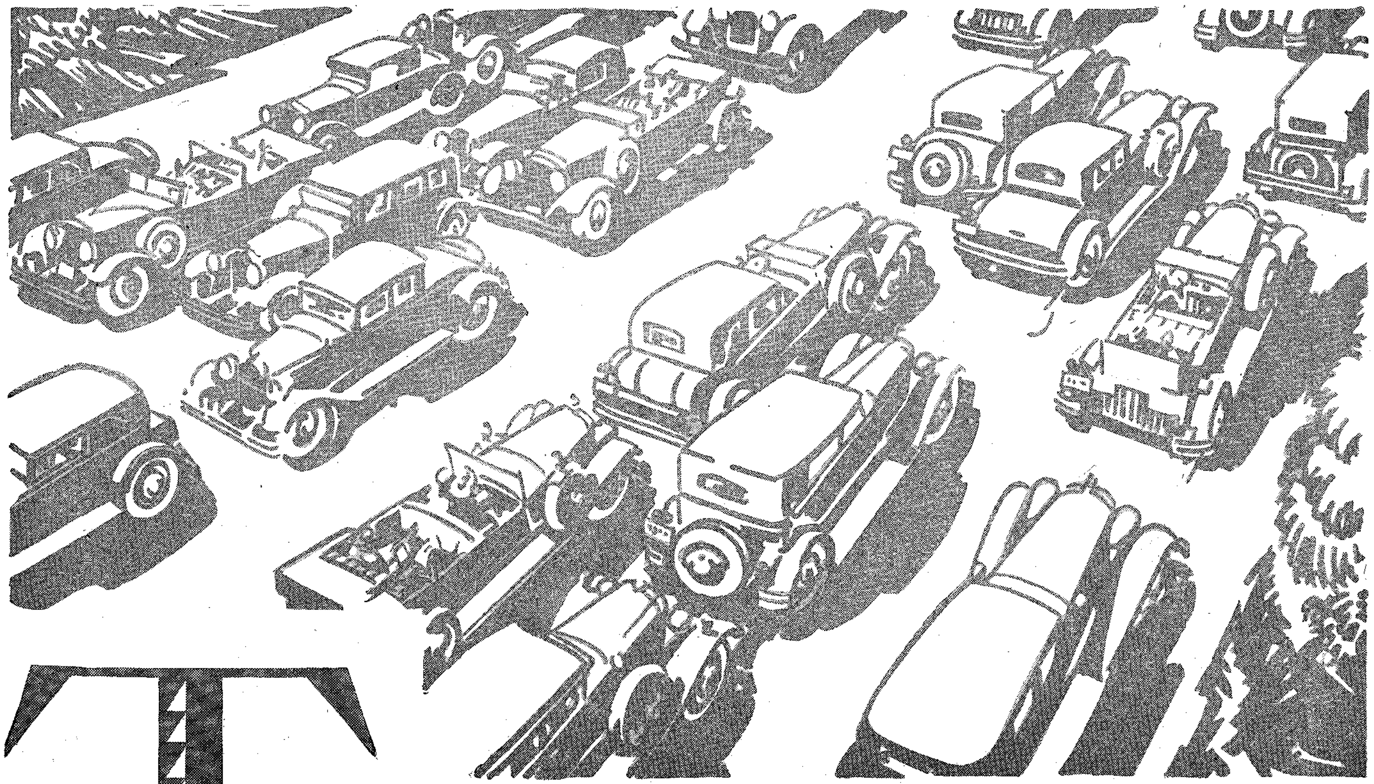
THE TODD COMPANY, *Protectograph Division* 4-30
1143 University Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me complete information about the Todd Check Signer.

*Name*______________________________

*Address*______________________________

*Business*______________________________

TODD SYSTEM OF CHECK PROTECTION



To the millions of automobile owners who

have never really owned a car

REMEMBER the first car you ever bought? Probably it wasn't an expensive one, but how you thrilled with pride as you drove it home!

Your car!... yet of course, you didn't *really* own it—before you stretched twelve monthly payments. But the payments totalled only six or seven hundred dollars, and after they were paid...

But by the time the last payment came due, your early enthusiasm and pride had faded. Something was wrong here—something else the matter there. Besides, a radically different new model had made your car look just a bit out of date. So you laid out a few hundred dollars more and got a new car. You traded in the car you never really owned—you went into debt again.

And so it has gone. Each year or so a new car—because the old one didn't stand up—or because a new model had made it obsolete.

PAY MORE—AND SAVE MONEY!

And all that time you might have been owning a Reo Flying Cloud. "A Reo!" you protest. "Why, I can't—I simply *can't* afford to pay that much for a car." But you *can!* Yes—and save money! True, a Reo Flying Cloud costs a little bit more. The down payment is slightly larger. So are the monthly payments. But when you've paid the last one, you own something. You own a car that is just beginning to feel its oats—a car that will still be giving you a new-car thrill.

For Reo is good for 100,000 miles. That isn't advertising talk, either. Several years ago, an independent investigation of long life in motor cars based on government registration figures showed that Reo outlasts all other cars of American origin and manufacture—

regardless of price. And since then, Reo has added to the Flying Cloud three important long-life features.

One feature is a chrome-nickel alloy cylinder block with seven times the endurance of the ordinary block. The second feature is pistons made of Lo-ex —an alloy so tough and with such low expansion that it gives far better compression and insures freedom from piston slap for twice the distance possible with ordinary pistons.

The third and greatest of these features is the Reo Silent-Second-Transmission. Originated and developed by Reo engineers, this transmission is as silent in second as the ordinary car in high—whether you're crawling along or hitting 40. You can drive through traffic in second all day long—smoothly, quietly, without shifting gears once!

This marvelous transmission has banished all the clash and grind of gear-shifting. You can shift from second to high at any speed—and from high back to second at 40—swiftly, surely, with little-finger ease.

REO SILENT-SECOND TRANSMISSION ✦ ✦ ✦
The greatest automotive improvement since the self-starter.

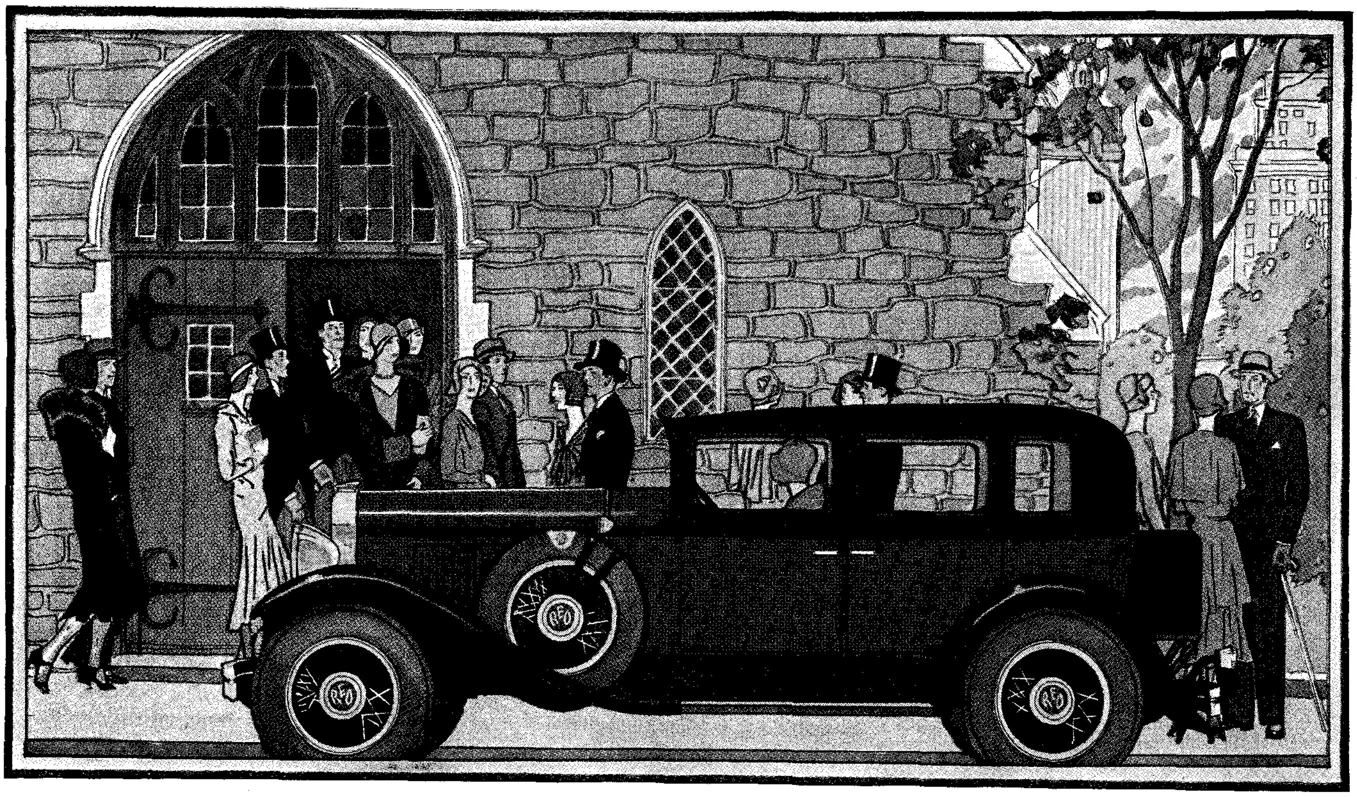
Brakes are a mighty important part of a car. Just try out Reo's brakes. They'll stop you—at any speed—in half the distance the stiffest traffic laws require. And they'll stop you without side-sway, without skidding, so perfectly are those brakes equalized. They *stay* equalized, too! Wet weather can't affect them, and it is no uncommon thing for Reo brakes to go 50,000 miles without relining!

SMART IN PERFORMANCE— AND IN LOOKS!

You'll be proud of Reo's performance —proud, too, of its gleaming beauty. For Reo, like other fine cars, has the substantial smartness that needs no radical yearly changes. The Reo Flying Cloud you buy today will still be a distinguished looking car, three, four, five years from now.

Add these things up—long life, economy, performance, beauty. No cheaper car can pretend to offer all that Reo gives you. Let a Reo thrill you, make you everlastingly proud, for 100,000 miles. Visit your Reo showroom today.

REO PRICES NOW RANGE FROM $1175 TO $1945



The REO FLYING CLOUD . . . MODEL 20 . . . SEDAN . . . EQUIPPED WITH REO SILENT-SECOND TRANSMISSION . . . $1595, *f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.*
(*Sport equipment and spare tires extra.*)

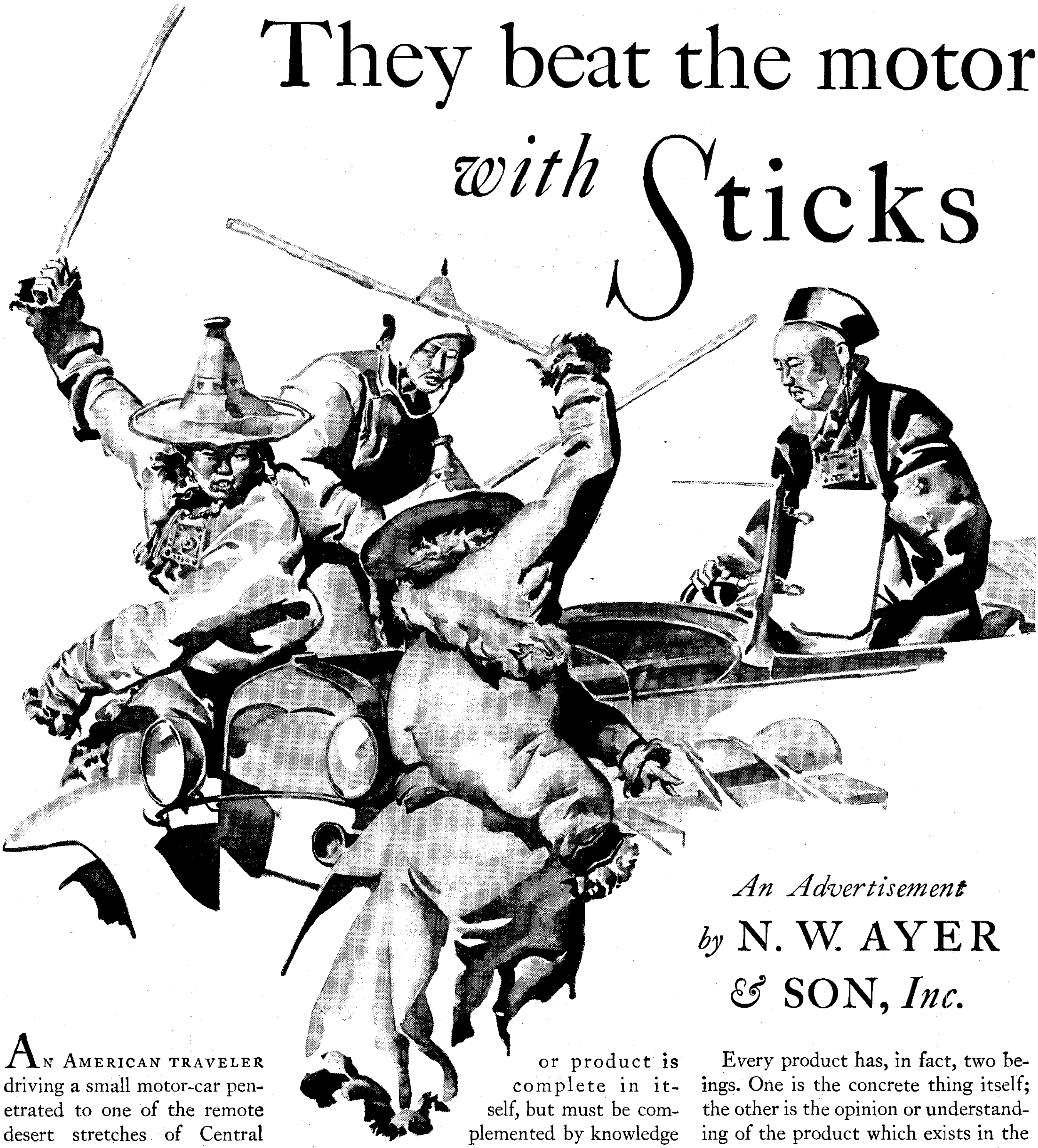
REO MOTOR
CAR COMPANY
Lansing, Mich.

REO

FLYING CLOUD

GOOD *for*
100,000 miles

They beat the motor *with* Sticks



An Advertisement by N. W. AYER & SON, *Inc.*

AN AMERICAN TRAVELER driving a small motor-car penetrated to one of the remote desert stretches of Central Asia. In the course of his journey he came to the village of a local Princeling who entertained him with great formality.

While he was resting in his tent, the American heard a clatter, which was unmistakably connected with his automobile. He rushed out to see what was happening. The Prince, anxious to ride in this strange contrivance, had taken a seat in the car, grasped the wheel as he had seen the visitor do, and commanded it to go. When it would not move, he ordered his followers to beat the machine with sticks.

This bizarre incident illustrates one of the most significant facts of modern industrial civilization: that no machine or product is complete in itself, but must be complemented by knowledge in the minds of its users.

For this civilization, fundamentally, is not of mechanics, but of education. American industrial advancement is founded not upon the laboratory or the shop, but upon our nation-wide system of free schools. It is our ability to read and understand which makes a market for labor-saving machinery, household appliances and home and personal luxuries. It is possible to market a tractor or radio receiving set, only because of the widespread information about these articles printed in newspapers and magazines, which builds up in advance of them a conception of their usefulness and an understanding of their functions.

Every product has, in fact, two beings. One is the concrete thing itself; the other is the opinion or understanding of the product which exists in the minds of the public. There is only one method of insuring the accuracy of this opinion and that is by the use of authentic, informative advertising. Through printed word and picture there can be conveyed not only a clear conception of the product and its usefulness, not only the importance of its proper care and use, but what is still more important, a sympathetic appreciation of the ideal of service which inspired its making.

N. W. Ayer & Son, *Incorporated,* Advertising Headquarters, Washington Square, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit, London.

WHAT WOMEN REALLY SAY TO THE *DIGEST* POLL

"HERE IS ONE MORE VOTE for enforcement of Prohibition!" The writer is Viola Rose, of 404 San Pablo Avenue, Fresno, California. Her letter opens this varied symposium, because its legibility captivated the wearied editorial eye. It is handsomely typewritten.

"I am a citizen of this wonderful country," continues Viola Rose—"had a great-grandfather in the Revolutionary war and a relative who signed the Declaration of Independence; also had two grandfathers in the Civil War, and one or two relatives who were governors of States.

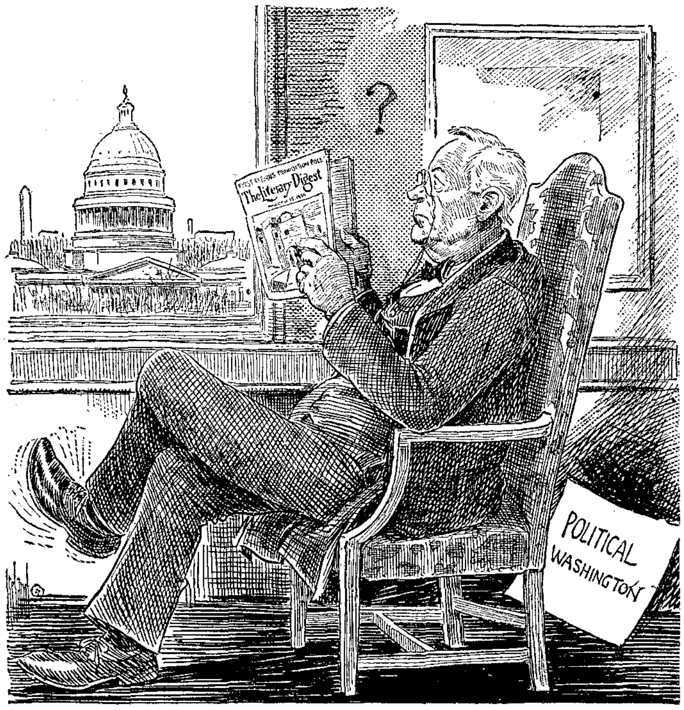
"Can't see for the life of me why some people don't recognize good laws when they see them. Prohibition is already an established fact in this country, and the sooner people realize it the better.

"Patriotically yours,
"VIOLA ROSE."

Our continuous barrage of mail-bags is loaded with letters from the fair sex (if they don't mind the old compliment). Some of them are explosive, but others invoke reason as well as emotion in their disposal of the Prohibition issue.

Some of them admit that it really is an issue; others, like Viola Rose, take the stand that the Eighteenth Amendment settled it for all time, and that it is nothing less than "treason" to be aware of any widespread unrest on the subject.

The mass of marked ballots which accompany these feminine letters goes far to refute the familar reproach that our ballots are not being sent to women.



INTERESTED

—Ireland in the Columbus *Dispatch.*

We now pick out another letter of high visibility and legibility. This one is not typed, but penned in a modern hand on smart notepaper of a sunburned shade. It runs:

"Gentlemen:

"Being a voter—also a subscriber to THE LITERARY DIGEST—and not having received a questionnaire, I am taking the liberty of sending my opinion regarding Prohibition.

"As a descendant of Colonial ancestors who did their part in making history, my interest in the welfare of this country is beyond question.

"It would seem to me that dictatorial, drastic measures indicate weakness, and have no part in the building of character either of individuals or a country.

"Admitting that comparisons are odious, they are also instructive. When living abroad, the only intoxicated persons I saw were Americans! Europeans are not extremists in their enjoyments. But on returning to this country, the evidence was appalling!

"The psychology of training is not denial, but the teaching of moderation in all things.

"Allow the Government to have control of light wines and beer, and allow the people to learn the value of moderation.

"The lesson must be taught some time—why not now? Why admit to the world and ourselves that an unruly spirit is the predominating force of this country?

"What a ridiculous spectacle we are making of ourselves!

"Yours very truly, HARRIET A. JOHNSON
"(Mrs. Edward W. Johnson),
"70 Chestnut Avenue,
"Waterbury, Conn."

Of the more emotional letters on both sides of the problem, the dry ones dwell on the evils of the old saloon days and the sufferings of the wives and children of drunkards, while the wet ones dwell on the evils of the speakeasy and the bootlegger, drinking by children, graft and shootings by Prohibition agents, and so on.

Many of our women correspondents who deplore the developments under Prohibition also refer to the old saloon horrors, and vow that they must never return. In casting about for a compromise remedy, a large number of them speak hopefully of government dispensation of liquor.

Thus Mrs. E. B. Knapp explains her dry ballot as having been cast "not because I favor Prohibition the way it is carried out but because it is the only movement we have on foot to drive the use of liquors from our land. But in my opinion," she continues, "there is a much better and cheaper way to overcome the liquor habit, and it is this:

"I would have the Government manufacture a pure product, and sell it at cost. By so doing they would kill two birds with one stone. Most thinking people know that if you tell a child he can not do anything, that is the very thing he wishes to do, and will do, if possible. And men and women are only children grown tall.

"Then, if you take the profit out of it, you pull its teeth, so to speak. You do away with your bootlegger, for if you make it pure and sell it at cost, his incentive is gone. Also if there is plenty of it and cheap, the desire to act smart is gone. Make anything cheap and plentiful, and no one wants it."

Similarly Mrs. R. M. Davies writes from Minneapolis that in her opinion a fourth question on the ballot "would have received the largest number of votes and exprest the opinion of the majority of voters." This is the fourth question whose absence she regrets:

"Would you favor an act to replace the present law giving the Government the right to manufacture and sell liquor in certain quantities, and under certain restrictions?"

In a letter from the Woman's Christian Association, 1719 Thirteenth Street, Washington, D. C., Mrs. Luella L. G. Poindexter, while voting dry, shows a tolerant attitude toward other points of view. She writes:

"In regard to the poll on Prohibition, I am in favor of question one. But I feel that marking does not express enough. Personally I feel that I am one of the millions who are marking question one, because the second one will not help take care of the deluge of illicit hard liquor that is made and sold, and the third one, unqualified, appears disloyal.

"I believe that generations will pass before anything like successful enforcement can be accomplished, if ever.

"I have never believed that the Prohibition Law should be a part of the Constitution. It is in the nature of plastering a masterpiece of art with all sorts of pieces by amateurs. The States that prohibited liquor were quite successful, and the time would come when it would have been general. If there could be a serious and persistent effort in each State to take care of the question, I would vote for repeal. I am really anxious when there is effort to add amendments to the Constitution.

"With conditions as they are in the District of Columbia today, and no prospect of betterment, I can not but vote one. I am not opposed to the use of liquors for certain purposes, nor am I opposed to light wines and beers, tho I am not a drinker,

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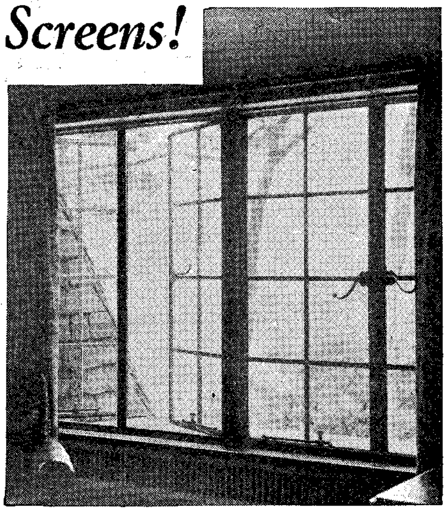

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

and would never be. The saloon is, of course, an impossible thing to consider."

Declaring that "Eternal vigilance is the price of Prohibition," Mrs. E. C. Spooner, of 432 South First Street, Evansville, Wisconsin, expresses the hope that all her fellow drys will vote in the Digest poll, and continues:

"My husband says 'Let them repeal the liquor law. I have a brother that is an undertaker, and it would increase his business a hundred-fold.' Of course he does not mean he wants it repealed, for he would be afraid to go out of his yard if it was.

"The wets howl about the dry law not being enforced, but they say nothing about the law against murder and theft not being enforced. For some reason many a murderer goes free and does not pay the penalty for his crime, any more than the dry law violator does. Then they lay the crime to the Eighteenth Amendment.

"If all laws were enforced more rigidly there would not be so many murders and bank thefts. Too many get by, so others go into it expecting they, too, can be a hero of crime.

"I think that if we had one day—twenty-fours hours—during which liquor could be obtained at we'll say government stations, instead of saloons (it sounds better, if there is no difference!), there would be such a mixup of gasoline and liquor till all undertakers would be working overtime. I think that one day would convince all wets that the Eighteenth Amendment is a necessary law.

"Well, it is nice that we can unload our overburdened hearts on you."

On the other hand, Mrs. F. R. Singlehurst writes from 143 Sixth Avenue South, St. Petersburg, Florida, to advocate the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Mrs. Singlehurst, it seems, is one of the millions of Americans who did not happen to receive a Digest ballot, but she expresses no resentment on that score. We abbreviate her letter somewhat:

"If you have to have all the ballots on cards, just make out a card for me, and record my ballot for policy number three, a repeal of the Prohibition Amendment, and let's start over again, and perhaps profit a little from the experience of other countries as well as our own.

"I visited my daughter in Montreal two years ago, and two things impress me very forcibly. First, one could get a dinner or luncheon, in the best restaurants or hotels, with wine, and feel respectable. Second, I saw only one instance of drunkenness, and that was an American tourist who was temporarily overcome by being able to get a drink openly, and abused the privilege.

"I am not in favor of the open saloon, but that is a matter for ordinary State laws, in my opinion, and police regulation, and has no part in the Constitution. I never saw any of our family even slightly 'under the influence' altho wine and beer were a part of our pantry supplies the same as preserves, tea, and coffee.

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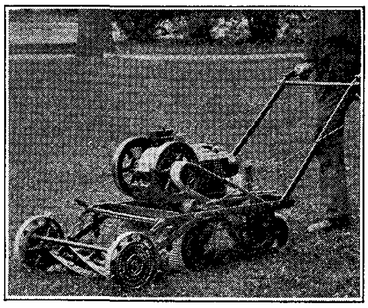

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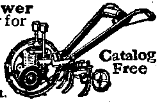

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AT ALL DRUGGISTS
THE 61 ANNIVERSARY

"There was no mystery, no lure about wine.

"In our resort city I can see too much of what the policy of repression is doing for the young people. Wine is forbidden, and it seems to acquire an enhancement, coupled with a sense of guilt that seems to lead to recklessness.

"When every one knows, by instinct, that the mere act of drinking an alcoholic beverage is not in itself a real crime, as it does no injury to others, and that the making of such beverages, and the possession of it, is merely a fiat crime, and further, when excess drinking is taken from the class of misdemeanors, and punished like a felony, while many more serious crimes are disregarded, you have a situation that rightly earns the derision of a large proportion of our people, whether or not they openly express that scorn.

"For this reason, please count me as wishing the Prohibition Amendment repealed, and the liquor situation handled in a sane, wise, and conservative manner, and I wish our future enforcement officials might see how well Montreal handles the liquor question, so that it is not the 'liquor evil' but the proper use of a beverage whose use is coeval with man's emergence from the status of a dumb animal."

"I am dry, dry as the Sahara desert!" exclaims Mrs. Warren G. Ransom, R. F. D. No. 7, Pittsfield, Illinois. Her letter gives us a breath of country air and the "punch" of a vigorous temperament.

"I live out in the open where we think of something besides guzzling," she writes, continuing:

"We are tillers of the soil, hicks you would probably say, interested in making two blades of grass grow where but one did grow; we are the goats, and couldn't afford to guzzle if we were so inclined.

"I can't see any use of any one taking up or keeping up an unnecessary habit of any kind, especially one which saps health, will-power, and spiritual growth.

"However, if you or any one else think that the return of John Barleycorn will cure all the evils that are laid at his partially-closed door, I hope you will open 'er wide and give him full sway on highway, rail, and air (he seems to have sway on the water).

"The 'hicks' don't frequent these avenues much, so they can stay home and mind their own business. They should keep sober anyhow.

"You, Mr. Editor, know what any law needs to make it a success, and that's the 'inward consent' of the people, and in particular, the press. When publications like yours have to feel around to find just which side to take in order to keep going, I have no use for them.

"I haven't any money to lose so I can have backbone enough to say that I am for any thing that will make this country a better place in which to rear the future generations.

"If that means booze till it runs in the gutter, let's have it so we can read something else when we pick up a paper or magazine, except wet propaganda.

"There is too much real constructive reading which gets pushed out, and paid propaganda, sex stuff (the offspring of a liquor-soaked mind), crime and other destructive stuff gets the spotlight nowadays, and we wonder what 'has come over the young people.'

"Nothing has come over the young

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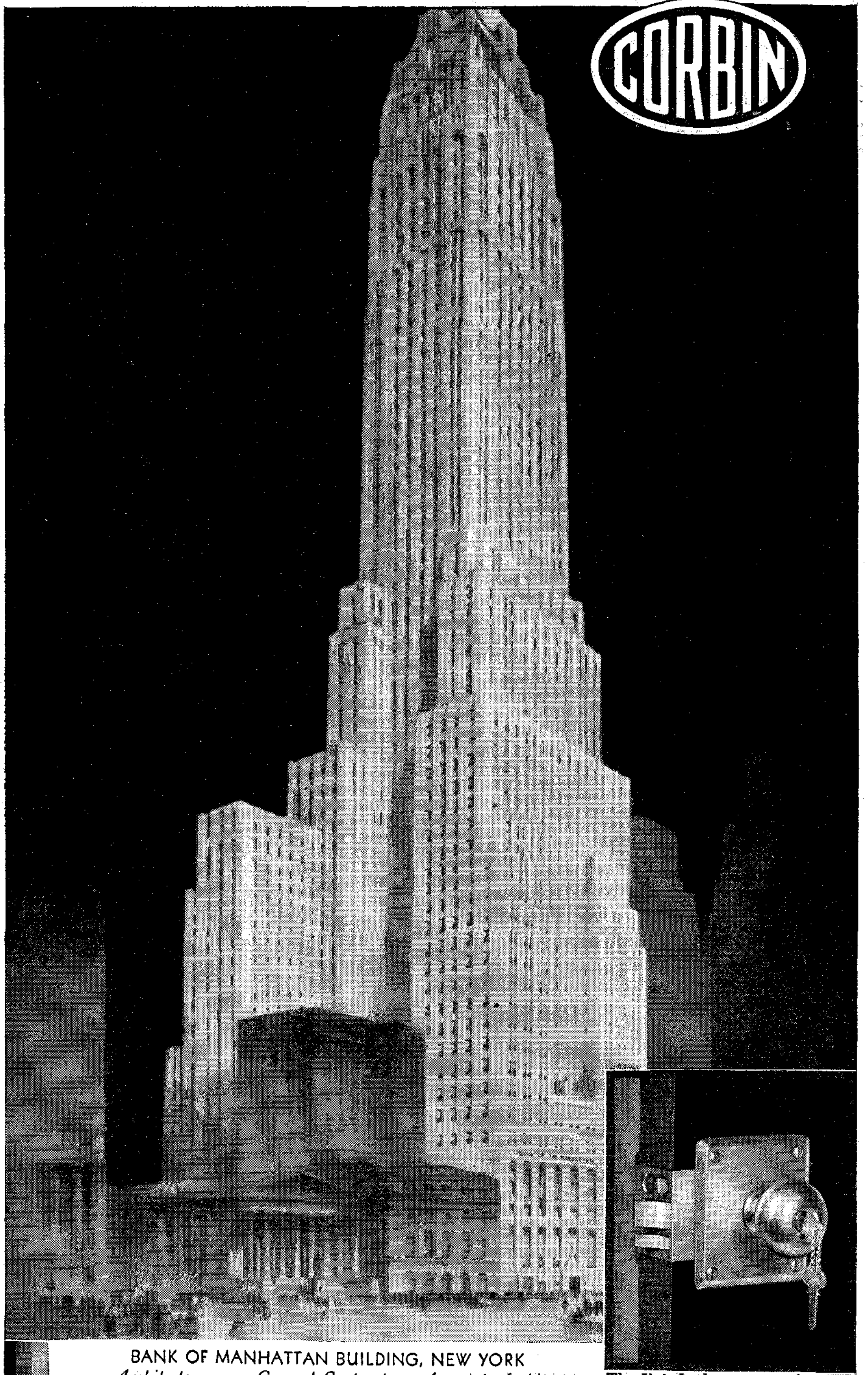

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people except what dad and mother have bequeathed to them."

Writing from Eldorado Springs, Missouri, Mrs. M. E. Dimmick acknowledges the receipt of a ballot, and responds facetiously, "Here is to say I think yours the most wonderful digestive tract in the world of literature." Then she continues seriously:

"I am for a return of light wines and beer. The bootleggers do not want the Eighteenth Amendment repealed, neither do they want light wines and beer made lawful.

"Beer may have caused the death of some; I can not say. But I have known of several cases of restored health through its use. Yeast is recommended, and what is beer but liquid yeast?

"Our grandmothers bought beer at the grocery store, the whiskey-jug accompanied the water-jug to the field with our grandfathers. Maybe we are still the sons and daughters of Adam and Eve, and forbidden fruits are sweetest.

We do not want the open saloon again, but we do want the bootlegger and gangster put out of business, and the only way is to make his stock-in-trade so cheap that he will be driven out of business."

Mrs. William J. Enkenbeck, of Grand View, Idaho, writes:

"There are very many of us who do not want to see the Eighteenth Amendment repealed if there is any way to make it workable.

"If you had added another question to your poll, namely: 'Do you want State or Government control of liquor?' I think that you would have had many thousands of votes to that end instead of for repeal.

"We are disgusted with the present method of enforcing Prohibition, but your list of questions gives us no way out without plunging us into a worse chaos."

"Laws were created to protect our fellow men," writes Miss Gertrude E. Phillips, of 214 North Avenue, Washington, Pennsylvania. "Liquor was not prohibited on account of injury to the consumer, but his abuse and injury to others," she argues, adding:

"You are encouraging law-breakers who would be a great menace to our increasing traffic problems, as well as home destroyers by taking this poll. There is no comparison between a presidential poll and a poll to repeal a law which all nations are recognizing as beneficial to us."

Mrs. R. L. Duckworth, of Murfreesboro, Tennessee, returns her ballot, duly marked in the dry square, and writes:

"I am very much interested in knowing how the United States stands on the question. I am strictly dry!

"It is very deplorable to see so much bootlegging in a town the size of Murfreesboro—an old, aristocratic place, but some way the people are permitting a big amount of bootlegging.

"I trust God to bless this magnificent attempt of our country and President to clean and purify the lives and homes of our country.

"An unusual sight for me, but I did see a drunkard fall in the ditch to-day, and I was made to realize the awful importance of speedy action on the part of our Christian countrymen.

"May your efforts be blest and your influence for good greatly increased."

IN A SHELL-HOLE AT YPRES

SUDDENLY the sky threw up a stab of flame!

A roll of thunder "like the last trump itself steadied into a throbbing roar."

The shells screamed overhead so thick and fast they "seemed to eclipse the sky as with an invisible roof, rumbling like earthquakes, crashing like a thousand cymbals before us, a pillar of fire against the dark sky, a pillar of cloud against the dawning east."

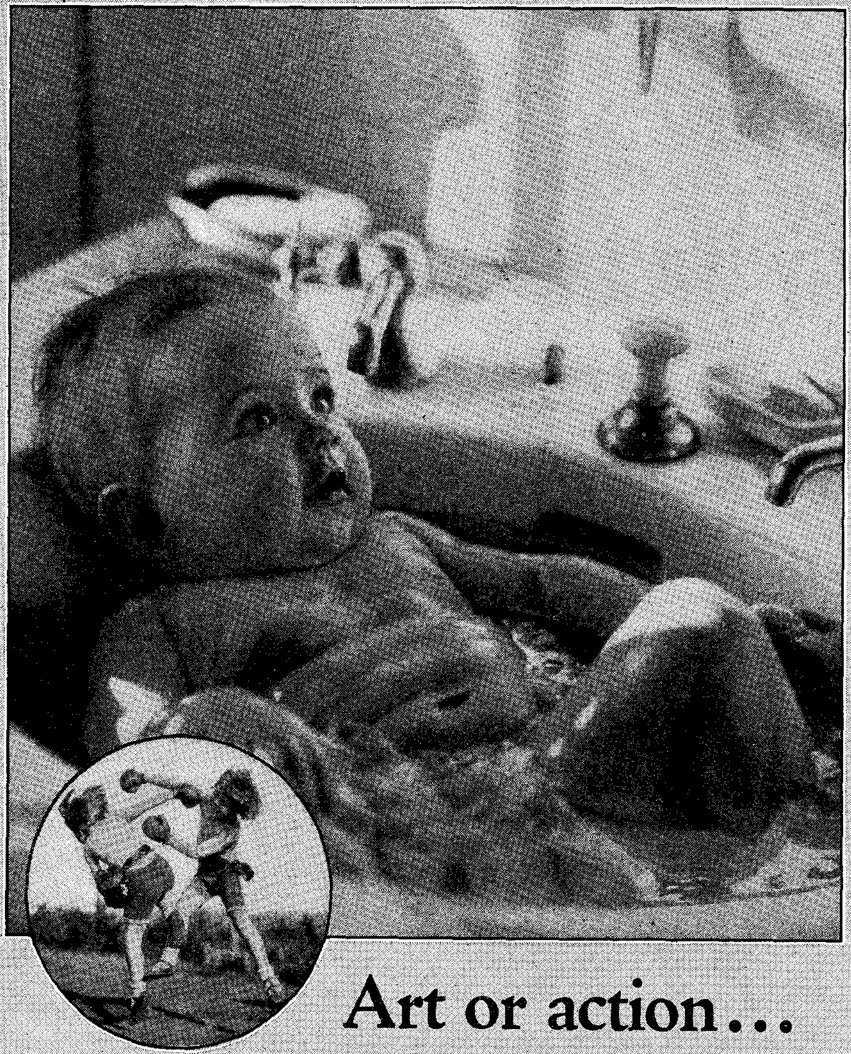
It is zero hour at Ypres, in the fall of 1917.

We see the action through the eyes of Charles Edmonds, a subaltern in the British Army. He describes the scene and his adventures in "A Subaltern's War" (Minton, Balch), in which we read:

> Our barrage had fallen, blotting out the German bombardment with a drum-fire forty times as great; there was no more thought or feeling, no more fear or doubt; only an endless blast of sound; a flicker of flame in the sky, a roaring and howling of shells over our heads, and a smoky pall of shrapnel.
>
> My brain cleared, tho my ears were singing; the plan stood in my mind like a picture; I wondered how many men were left to carry it out.
>
> We must follow hard on the barrage and be on the enemy before they had recovered from the first shock of it. I jumped out of the trench, shouting to my little group, and together we stumbled forward toward the enemy.
>
> Behind me came Sergeant Walker, my servant, Stanley, three runners, Lewis, Campbell, and Greenwood, and then the signalers, struggling with their gear and quickly falling behind.
>
> Skirting round shell-holes and straggling over rough ground in half-darkness, our group loses all order and trails after me in single file. There looms up in front a bank undercut by a row of dugouts. I draw my revolver, but they are smashed and empty.

Through the tumult Edmonds isolated a distinct noise, a spitting, a crackling, like children's fireworks. He says further:

> Rifle bullets! Phut! Phut! Small arms indeed! We look about vaguely.
>
> It seems to have grown already a little lighter, so that lumps loom up irregularly in front, thirty yards away—half left. Heads! Three or four heads of Boches, in a shell-hole, shooting at us! We see them together. Stanley shouts and brandishes his bayonet.
>
> Then I see Campbell lying, curled up and gray-faced, at my feet. Why, he's dead! And they've hit "Tiny" Greenwood. He is staggering about and bellowing, his hand on his chest.
>
> Stanley catches and lowers him to the



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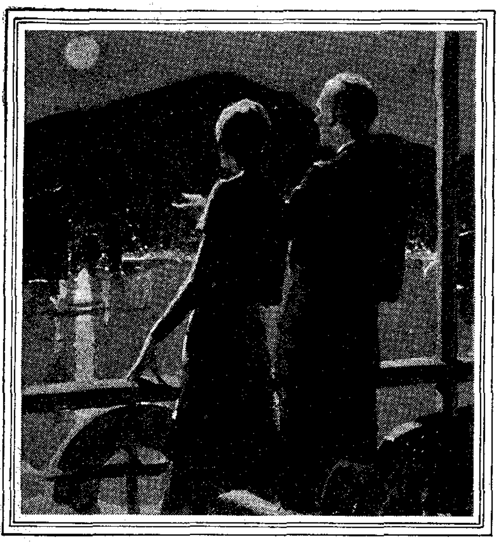

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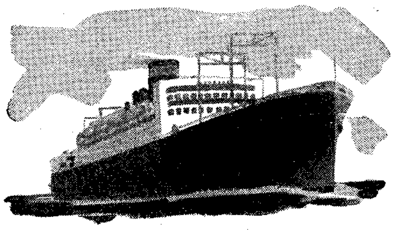

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

ground behind the stunted ruins of a hedgerow which gives a little cover.

Crack, crack, crack, come the bullets, at thirty yards' range, aimed more distinctly every moment as the light grows and the barrage lifts ahead. The enemy are even near enough to throw a bomb. Stanley and I fumble with field-dressings. There are now only three of us, and three or four Boches shooting at us from cover.

At least, let's quiet this poor lad's confounded roaring, and then make a plan. Poor "Tiny" Greenwood, the smallest man in the company, and the willingest. I remember my morphin tablets, and give him one, two, and three, till he is silent.

Stanley rises and shouts again:

"Come on, sir, let's go for the swine."

"No," I say, "get down in this shell-hole," and I am right.

There is no chance for three men to charge three over the mud and pitfalls. Stanley plucks me by the sleeve and says plaintively:

"Aw, come on, sir."

Walker and I get down in the hole and begin to shoot, tho Stanley stands and calls us once more:

"Come down, you fool," I order him. Then he comes down, slithering on the edge of the shell-hole, dropping his rifle with a clatter. A bullet has hit him in the eye, smashing his left brow and cheek-bone into a ghastly hole.

Edmonds "sat stupidly in the half-light," not looking at Stanley's body. Then he vaguely "imitated Walker, who was firing on the Boches when they showed their heads." Reading on:

I must have emptied my revolver before this time, and now picked up Stanley's rifle, coated with mud from fixt bayonet to stock. With difficulty I fired a round or two, wrenching at the clogged mechanism after each shot. Walker gave a cry of joy as he got one Boche through the head, but one or two more ran up from neighboring shell-holes and made the odds still heavier against us.

Still our own guns thundered overhead, and now the German guns began to reassert themselves, dropping a few shells experimentally in their own lines, which they guessed had fallen into our hands. The stubborn group confronting us still held their place under fire of their own artillery.

But for the roaring of our own shrapnel, two hundred yards away, there was no sign of English activity. No other Englishman could be seen or heard, and, fatal event, we had "lost the barrage."

In the midst of a great battle, ours was an independent duel. Down in a shell-hole, where the view was restricted by towering ridges and ramps of thrown-up earth, we had the limited vision of the mole. There must have been ten thousand men hidden in the landscape, tho we had not seen ten.

As we waited in the broadening light, time passed—seconds or hours, we had no conception, till we heard voices behind us, a Lewis-gun rattling, and a reserve platoon at hand.

I shouted to them to support us by outflanking this group of Germans, and as we opened fire again, invisible Lewis gunners crept closer over the mountainous shell-holes.

The Boches ceased fire.

At that moment Walker leapt up with a shout, and began to shoot in a new direction. Following his aim I saw, straight to the front and a hundred yards away, a crowd of men running toward us in gray uniforms. Picking up another rifle, I joined him in pouring rapid fire into this counter-attack.

We saw one, at least, drop, to Walker's rifle, I think, then noticed that they were running, with their hands up.

Laughing, we emptied our magazines at them in spite of that, but at this point one of my favorite N. C. O.'s, Corporal Fell, came tumbling into the shell-hole, hit through both thighs, and bearing the pain with no more than a grunt or two.

While I was trying to bandage his four wounds with one field-dressing, and he to explain how his Lewis-gun had appeared to save us, I forgot the crowd of *Kamerads*. Just as I was telling him to crawl home as best he could, twenty or thirty Germans came running in, with that shambling gait and bucolic manner I had always noticed in them, emphasized by the awkward gesture of their raised hands.

The nearest of the Germans had not seen Edmonds in the shell-hole, and as he approached, noticing a red cross on his arm, Edmonds reached up and pulled him up short by the skirt of his greatcoat with a jerk that frightened him out of his wits. Then, he writes:

"Ambulance," I said, pointing to the wounded corporal.

Then, hardly stopping to see more, Walker and I rose, collected the Lewis-gun and its team, and continued our advance.

The surrendering Germans carried back our wounded men, and we barely noticed, in our excitement, that the four snipers who had held us up so long slipt into the crowd of captives and went away with them. We should certainly not have given them quarter if we had thought of it in time.

Once out of our burrow, the scene was changed. The long rolling valley was visible again.

In full daylight at last, we could see scattered parties of men advancing, and none of them very far in front of us. Again my hesitations vanished, and I led the way toward our objective.

On our right were Colonial troops, attacking in much greater strength than ours, so that my own front looked empty but theirs crowded with men, and before long one of their platoons came straying across my front.

It suddenly struck me that the platoon commander was a friend whom I had not seen since I was a child; I seized him by the hand and introduced myself. As we exchanged civilities I became aware that we were under machine-gun fire. I was explaining that he had gone astray when this diversion occurred in his proper direction, and hastily clapping him on the back, I sent him off with his men to strafe the machine-gun, an order which he willingly obeyed.

On the crest of the rise we caught up our own barrage and halted where the banging, smashing shrapnels were bursting on the first objective. Presently we edged farther to the left, because one of our guns was consistently firing short and dropping shells among us. Topping the rise, I saw before me two smashed pill-boxes among the gigantic shell-holes.

I picked up here a German automatic

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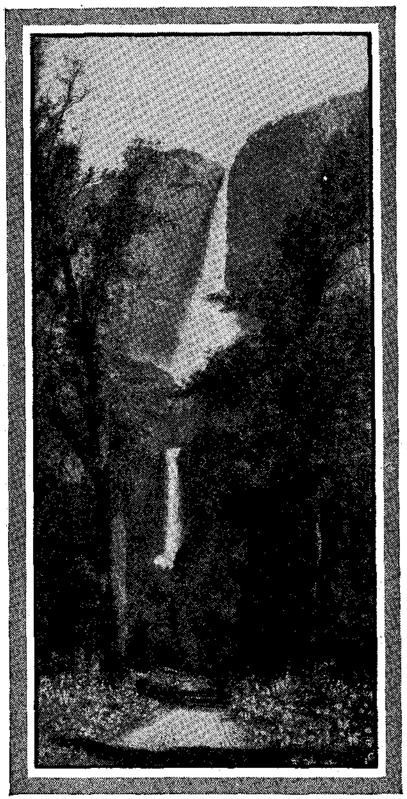
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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

pistol. In the shadow of the pill-box was the body of a British officer, which proved that we were again in touch with our own people. Beyond it we found a party of the 16th Battalion consolidating an enormous shell-hole. We had met exactly on the flank of our objective.

EVACUATING A FLEMISH VILLAGE

"DE Shermans come!"

The sobbing girl came running into the *estaminet* (coffee-house), known as St. Martin.

"English soldier come round from Commandant—he tell us Shermans come—ve got to go 'vay at once—ve got to leave everysing—ve go 'vay and English troops steal everysing—and shells come and smash everysing—and ve looss everysing!"

It was during the German push for Amiens, early in 1918.

Hitherto all had been peaceful in the St. Martin. The inhabitants of the village and the British soldiers quartered there had been enjoying a very pleasant evening. But now every one was galvanized into action, we learn from "Combed Out" (Dial Press), a war book by F. A. Voigt.

That evening Mr. Voigt had gone to the *estaminet*, kept by an old woman and her two daughters, one of whom it was that gave the alarm. This was the scene preceding the girl's announcement:

> They the [proprietors] were tortured by anxiety.
>
> "De Shermans come heer?" they asked. But I knew no more than they did. I told them, against my own conviction, that the German advance would be held up, but they remained anxious.
>
> The uproar of the cannonade was louder than ever. All the windows of the building shook and rattled. The old woman muttered: "*'Tis niet goet, 'tis niet goet*," and the elder daughter echoed: "*Oh, 'tiss no bon, 'tiss no bon.*"
>
> Two British officers entered. They looked round and saw that private soldiers were sitting at the tables. But the St. Martin was the biggest *estaminet* in the village, and served the best wines and coffees, so they stood in the doorway, undecided what to do.
>
> They asked one of the girls if there was a restaurant for officers in the neighborhood.
>
> She answered, "No—no restaurant for officeerss—you come heer—privates, zey no hurt you—privates, officeerss, all same."
>
> Encouraged by these assurances, one of the new-comers said to the other:
>
> "Come on, let's sit down here and have a coffee—we needn't stop long."
>
> All the smaller tables were occupied, but there was one long table that stretched across the room, and only a few men were sitting at the far end of it. The officers sat down at the near end, and ordered coffee.
>
> They seemed a little embarrassed, at first, but they soon began to talk freely to each other.
>
> "I wonder if there's a war on in these

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parts—I hear the Huns have made a bit of a push."

"Curse the blighters—they'll mess up my leave; it's due in a week's time."

"Jolly good coffee, this! Here, Marie, bring us another two cups—der coop der caffey—that's right, isn't it?"

"Dat's right," said the girl, "you speak goot French"——

But just at this moment came the sudden announcement of the imminence of the foe. We read on:

The civilians of the village had received orders to leave immediately.

Through the window we could see groups of people standing in the street and talking together. They were greatly agitated.

The old woman sniffed, and wiped her eyes. The elder daughter was packing a few things in a bundle.

One of the officers asked, "What about our coffee?" but she took no notice. Her sister had gone out in search of further information.

She soon returned. Yes, they would all have to leave at once, but, if they liked to take the risk, they could come back, tomorrow, with a wagon, if they could get one, and fetch their belongings.

They were comforted. They knew where they would be able to get a wagon. They would cart their stock and their household property away on the morrow. They would start another *estaminet*, somewhere.

They would suffer loss and inconvenience, but they would not be ruined—their valuable stock of wines would save them from that.

The bundle was made up, and they prepared to leave. We paid our bill, and went out into the street. Numbers of soldiers were straggling past. They looked wretched and exhausted. Their boots and puttees were caked with mud. They had neither rifles nor packs.

Three men were lying up against a garden wall. We asked them for news. They could not tell us much except that the Germans were still advancing.

"We was at Dickebusch when 'e started slingin' stuff over—gorblimey, 'e don't 'alf wallop yer—umpteen of our mates got bleed'n well biffed. We cleared out afore it got too 'ot."

Several famished "battle stragglers" had entered our camp in order to beg for food. They sat around the cook-house and ate in gloomy silence.

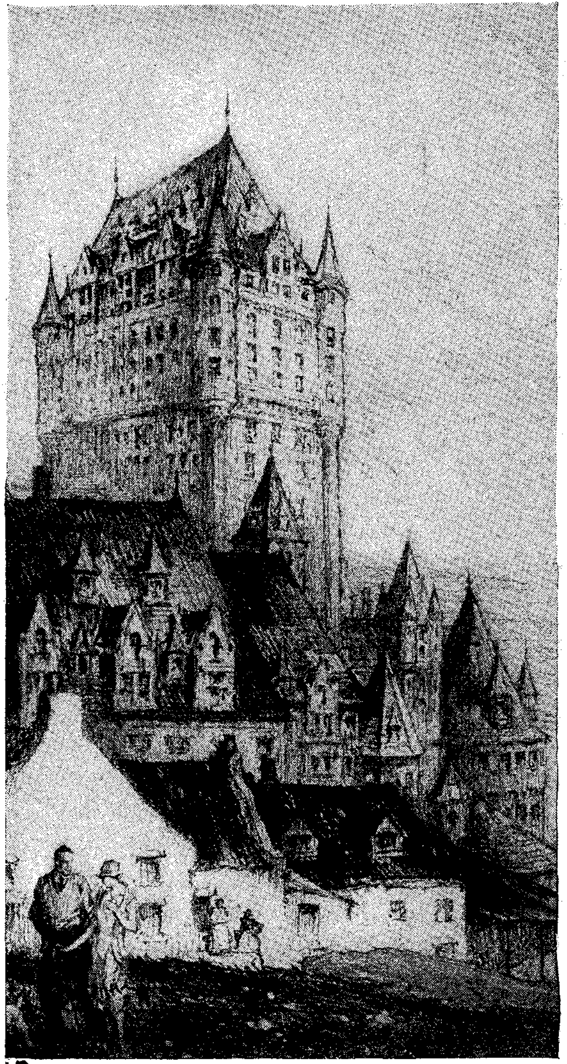
In the adjoining field, a number of tents had sprung up. Blue figures were moving in and out amongst them. The French had arrived.

The next day we went to the St. Martin, wondering if the old woman and her daughters had been able to fetch their property. We observed that the windows, where tinned fruit, chocolate, cakes, soap, post-cards, and other articles used to be exhibited, had been cleared completely. We entered, and found one of the girls in tears:

"All gone—all gone—I show you—you come into de cellar—all de wine gone—bottles—all, all broken. English soldiers come in de night and take everysing 'vay—ve nussing left—it's de soldiers in camp over zair in de field—zey plenty drunk dis morning—ve lose everysing—ve poor now."

The till and shelves had been cleared, as well as the windows. Empty drawers and boxes had been thrown onto the floor. We went down into the cellar. All the cases had been opened, and the stone floor

Walls... gates ...citadels in Historic Québec



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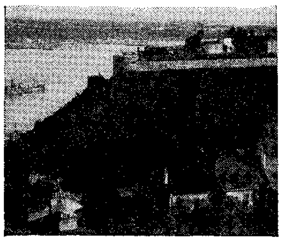

The King's Bastion and citadel, just back of Chateau Frontenac.

King's Wharf, where representatives of kings leave big liners.

Cannon on ramparts which still encircle the old town.

Chateau Frontenac

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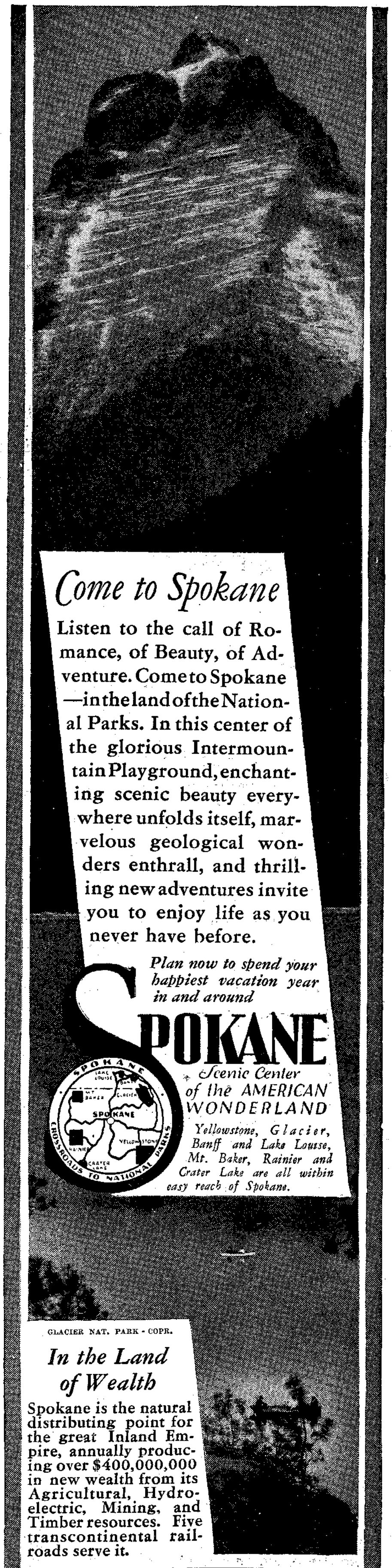

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ALD

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

was littered with empty, broken bottles. The girl began to sob.

"All gone, all gone—ve poor now," she lamented, as the account continues:

"Why don't you complain to the Town Major?" one of us suggested.

"Complain?—vat's the use complain?—de Town Major, he nice man, he kind to us, but he no find de soldiers dat come, and if he find zem he punish zem but ve get nussing. Vat's de use punish zem if we get nussing. All gone, ve poor, now—oh, dis var, dis var—dis de second time ve refugees—ve lose everysing 1914, ve come here from Zandevoorde and ve start again—ve do business vis soldiers, soldiers plenty money, ve do goot business, and now ve refugees again and ve novair to go. If de Shermans come, ve do business vis de Shermans—but de shells come first, and ve all killed—ah, dis var, dis var! Vat's de use fighting? All for nussing! Var over, me plenty dance!"

We ascended the cellar stairs. The mother was in the main room, wiping her eyes. We said good-by to her and her daughter, feeling ashamed of our uniforms, and walked out into the street.

A mass of French cavalry were galloping past. It was growing dark. The cannonade had become deafening. Over the town a few miles off, there was a crimson glare in the sky.

A horde of civilians was thronging the main street of the village. Old men and women were pushing wheelbarrows heaped with clothes and household utensils. Girls were carrying heavy bundles under their arms, and dragging tired, tearful children along. White-faced, sorrowful mothers were carrying peevish babies. Great wagons, loaded with furniture and bedding, and whole families sitting on top, were drawn by lank and bony horses. A little cart, with a pallid, aged woman cowering inside, was drawn painfully along by a white-haired man. They passed us by in the gathering gloom, and there seemed to be no end to these straggling multitudes of ruined, homeless people who were wandering westward to escape the disaster that threatened to engulf them all.

The eastern sky flickered with vivid gun-flashes and scintillated with brilliant shell-bursts. The night was full of rustling noises and sullen thunder-claps, while a more distant roaring and rumbling seemed to break against some invisible shore like the breakers of a stormy sea.

But more was in store for the British soldiers, we learn. They retired to their huts and tents. Soon after lights-out, the Police Corporal came round and shouted:

"Parade at 4:45 to-morrow morning in marching order."

The tumult increased as tho the surge of shells were coming nearer and nearer. Shells of small caliber passed overhead with a prolonged whistle and burst with a hardly audible report. The thunder of bigger explosions shook the huts and caused the ground to tremble.

As I woke the next morning, the din of the cannonade broke in upon my senses with a sudden impact. Rumbling, thundering, bellowing, rushing, whistling, and whining, the tumult seemed all around and

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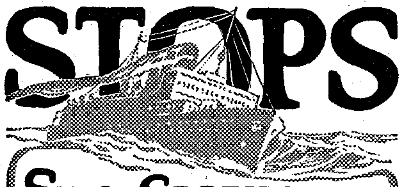

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above us. Sudden flashes lit up the whole camp, so that for fractions of seconds every hut and tent was brilliantly illuminated. Multitudes of dazzling stars appeared.

We drew our breakfast and packed up our belongings. All was confusion.

We paraded, the roll was called, and as the day began, we marched off.

We passed down the main road in long swaying columns of fours. We left the wood-yard behind us, and hoped it would be destroyed—how we hated the place for the dreary months we had spent there! The westward stream of refugees had ceased, but an eastward stream of French infantry and field artillery thronged the roads. The artillerymen were mostly tall and powerfully built. The infantry were nearly all elderly men of poor physique. They looked desperately miserable. We exchanged greetings:

"It's a good war!"

"*C'est une bonne guerre!*"

And then we broke into song:

"Oh, Oh, Oh, Oh, *Oh* it's a lovely war!"

HOW SNAILS WALK ON ONE FOOT

ISN'T it odd that the snail has only one foot, which it wears on its stomach, and that it walks on this foot without ever lifting it off the ground? asks Dr. Frank Thone in his Science Service feature, *Isn't It Odd?* (Washington). He goes on:

A snail is a mollusk, cousin to oyster and clam; and the thing that zoologists have called the "foot" in a mollusk is not at all the same thing as the feet of other animals. It resembles other animal feet only in that it is sometimes used for walking—if you can call the slow pace of the snail a walk. It is simply a large muscular extension of one side of the body. In the case of the snail it is an extension of the underside, the belly. Hence the technical name, gasteropods, borne by the snail-kind, for in Greek *gaster* means stomach and *pod* is a form of the word *pous*, which means foot. Well, then, this one large foot of a snail is set flat on the ground, or a stone, or a brick, or whatever the snail is going to spend the next few hours walking across. That is all the feet it has; there isn't another one to put down if it lifts this one to take a step. How is the snail going to get anywhere? Easily enough, tho slowly. It will move a part of its one foot at a time. It hitches the posterior end—let's call it the heel—forward a bit, contracting the muscle-fibers in that immediate region. It plants this heel a millimeter in advance of the spot where it was a moment ago. Then it contracts the muscle-fibers just in front of the heel a little bit, and allows the heel to expand again, giving a push forward. This contraction-ahead-of-expansion travels through the whole foot like a ripple or wave, from heel to toe. Sometimes a second and even a third ripple will be started through the foot before the first one has gone clean through to the toe. Thus the flat, clinging foot of the snail inches itself forward, a hairbreadth at a time, never letting go of its hold, yet never holding to exactly the same spot for two successive seconds. You can watch the process beautifully if you have a goldfish bowl or aquarium. Get a few water-snails from your dealer and drop them in. They will crawl up on the smooth glass surface sooner or later, and you can then watch the workings of their one foot apiece from underneath.

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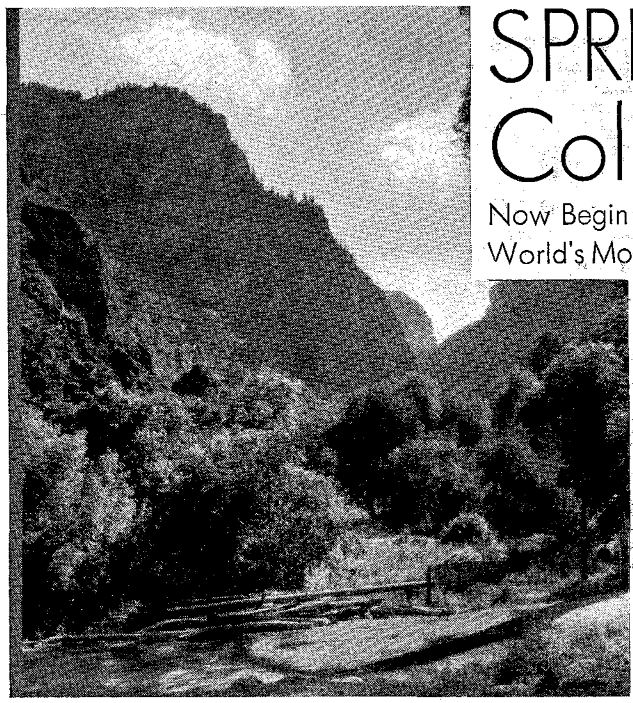
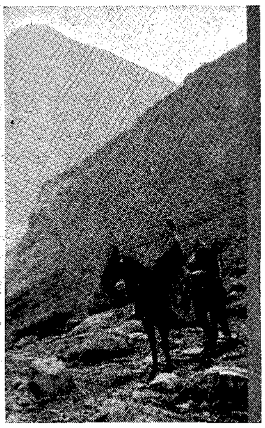


Colorado River Canyon Above Glenwood Springs



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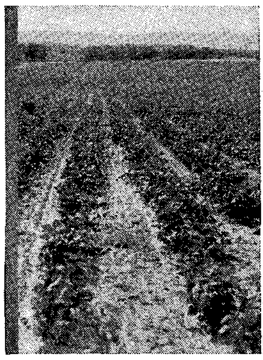

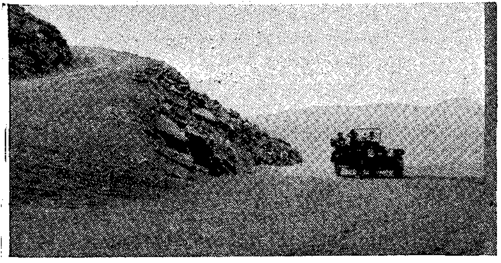

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CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned. Unpublished poetry unavailable

FOR amusement or instruction, however you choose to take them, are these glimpses at birds in *The New Statesman* (London):

ORNITHOLOGY

By Marie de L. Welch

The Dove

His parents always shove
Upon the little Dove
Ideas of the amorous
So lofty and so glamorous
That he often expects
More than he should of sex.
This attitude parental
Is weak and sentimental,
Since lately Mr. Freud
Has rendered null and void
The elements of love
As pictured by the Dove.

The Water Ousel

Water Ousels
Build their housels
On damp rocks
In the middle of brooks.
They think nothing at all
Of living directly under a water-fall.
And they never interfere,
Saying: "Are your feet wet, dear?"
With the showery carousals
Of the younger Water Ousels.

The Ibis

The Ibis
Is born believing his tribe is
Sacred upon the Nile;
Whereas, for a long while,
It most certainly has not
Been too sacred to be shot,
Though it remains sacred enough
To stuff.
Parents hasten to describe this
Danger to the Infant Ibis.

The Shrike

Only his family really like
The habits of the Shrike.
He thinks that it is nice
To dine on smaller birds and mice,
Which is a great mistake.
Such ways are bound to make
Him and his children less
Loved in the wilderness.
But this fails to strike
The conscience of the Shrike.

The Condor

The Child of the Great Condor
Is trained to be an absconder.
Beginning in a modest way
It snatches rats at play.
Then as it learns and grows
It often steals whole cows
Which are foolish enough to wander
In the way of the Child Condor.

The Sparrow

The viewpoint of the Sparrow
Is arrogant and narrow,
He *knows* that he excels,
He is selfishly obsessed;
He would not give an ostrich best.
His children leave the shells
Puffed to their very marrows
With pride at being Sparrows.

The Linnet

The Baby Linnet
Is not so big as a minute,
Yet the worms it devours
Are longer than hours;
It can eat and eat and eat.
This must be because of the neat
Way in which the parents Linnet
Pack things in it.

The Raven

The Raven
Is accused of cravin'
The eyes of corpses!
This rather warps his
Opinion of the bible,
Which fosters such a libel.
His children are brought
Up on Free Thought.
But however misbehaven
Otherwise, the Raven
Would rather see the sky fall
Than eat an eye-ball.

WHAT better simile for the seaplane than this of the albatross, in *Poetry* (Chicago):

ALBATROSS

By J. E. Scruggs

See where it soars, this thing by man created—
This fleshless bird on straining pinions spread,
Which dares the deep for some far port ahead,
Creature of timeless quest insatiated:
Ponderous albatross, unsired, unmated,
Hot craw athirst, on fulminations fed,
Plowing a path where only lightnings sped,
Like some huge soul unshackled and elated.
Now it is gone with all its whining roar,
And now the dreamy soughing of the sea
Takes up its song of fog and stormy weather.
The waves drift in as idly as before,
And flashing seagulls, half unconsciously,
Descend and rise as lightly as a feather.

A REMINISCENCE of the early Irish emigration to America in Miss Roberts's novel, "The Great Meadow" (The Viking Press, Inc., New York):

THE EMBARKMENT

By Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Was it Dublin or Cork? I cannot say.
But he was sixteen that day.

Just how he looked I do not know;
This was five grandfathers ago.

He happened to come to a sailing port,
And he saw the sailors of every sort,
And he saw bright ships.

* * *

And he said, "How much will it cost for me
To ride across your sea?"

But the captain said to him, "Show me your money,"
But David could not, for he hadn't any.

Oh, how strange a thing a tide must be!
Is there a path in the sea?

Do the waves curve up to meet a ship?
And when she sails does she rock and dip?

Are there flags and ribbons to flutter out?
Oh, what do sailors talk about?

And the captain said to him, "Show me your money,"
But David could not, for he hadn't any.

But when they cursed him it only made
Him laugh, for David was not afraid.

* * *

At night the waves blew up and down,
And the dark curved over the town.

How deep is a ship? And when at last,
He was hidden away, did his heart beat fast?
Huee! Huee! how the sails must hum
When a ship begins to tremble out!
And the tide and the foam . . . !

Did anyone cry when he went away?
I cannot say,

I cannot say.

Love of the soil comes genuinely here in *The Irish Statesman* (Dublin):

PLOUGHMAN

By Patrick Kavanagh

I turn the lea-green down
Gaily now,
And paint the meadow brown
With my plough.

I dream with silvery gull
And brazen crow.
A thing that is beautiful
I may know.

Tranquillity walks with me
And no care.
O, the quiet ecstasy,
Like a prayer.

I find a star-lovely art
In a sod.
Joy that is timeless! O, heart
That knows God!

Perhaps some wisdom may come from the plight of this lover who confesses in *The New Republic* (New York):

A LOVER

By A. E. Coppard

When I loved truly
I was a boy;
To worship unduly
Was my great joy.

When I loved wisely
I loved not well,
For love and wisdom
Move separable.

Calypso dissembles,
Psyche forswears,
And loth is Phryne
For lover's cares.

But true to its compass
The planet turns,
Forgetting, forsaken—
And still it burns.

Now time has triumphed
And my loves are gone,
I keep my vision
Of every one;

Though even the fairest,
Most sweet of the fair,
Seems but a ghost
With a piteous air.

A tribute to New York for the alien to scorn, perhaps, in *Harper's Bazaar:*

NEW YORK

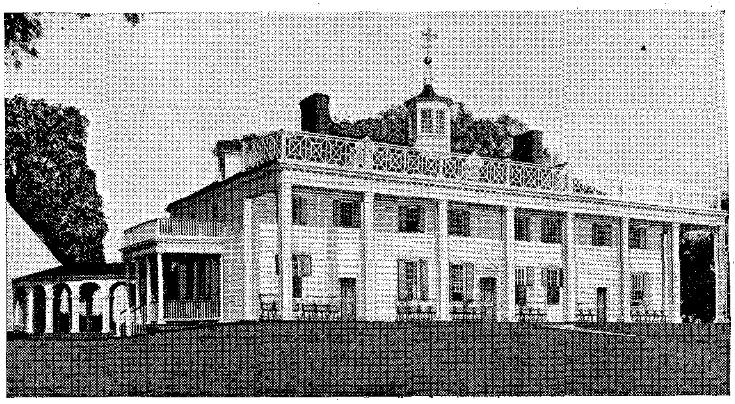
By Elizabeth Larocque

We are a tribe apart who love you well,
A restless people, haunted by the cry
Of voices you awakened with your spell
Within our hearts, that we may not deny,
That never can be silenced till we die.
And yet we have no longing for the peace
Of those untroubled ones we hurry by
Upon the streets, we would not seek release.

From far-off lands we turn us back to this
That has enchanted us and is our own,
For in the silence of the night we miss
That lack of silence that we once have known,
And somehow in the silence are alone.
And so we seek again the vibrant roar
Of traffic, and your buildings wrought of stone,
And the white glory of Broadway once more.

Envoie

City of light and shadow and unrest,
Of sound that rises like a frenzied prayer
Into the darkness of the outer air.
We are your people, echoes of your soul,
A thousand kinds and creeds, a mighty whole,
A tribe that has no future but its quest.



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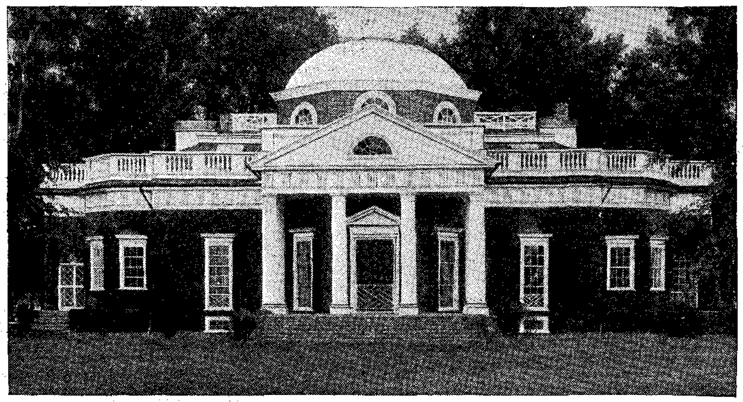

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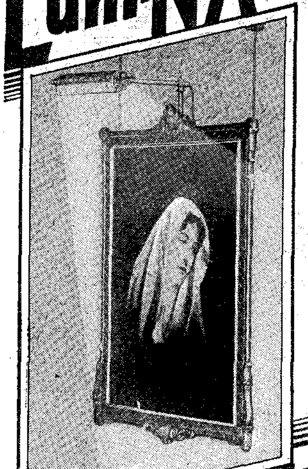

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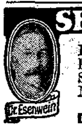

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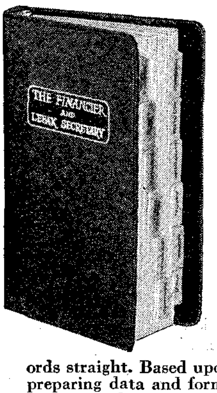

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

April 2.—William T. Cosgrave, who had been defeated by a margin of two votes on an old-age pension bill, after serving since 1922, is reelected by the Dail Eireann as President of the Irish Free State Executive Council.

Capt. Lewis A. Yancey and his two companions arrive in Hamilton Harbor, Bermuda, after spending the night on the ocean in their flight from New York. The actual flying time was less than nine hours.

Yen Hsi-shan, Governor of Shansi Province, assumes command of the "National" forces, and pledges his support to move for the overthrow of Gen. Chiang Kai-shek, President of the Chinese Nationalist Government.

April 3.—The China Inland Mission announces that no ransom money will be paid to bandits for captive missionaries, as to do so "would endanger every foreigner in the interior of China, and place a premium upon kidnaping." Ransom of $10,000 each has been demanded by bandits for the release of two British and one American missionary.

The House of Commons passes, 277 to 234, the Government's coal-mines bill, which reduces working hours, regulates output, and establishes a national wage board for the industry.

The Empress Zauditu, co-ruler of Abyssinia, and descendant of a line tracing its ancestry to King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, dies at Addis Ababa, Abyssinia. She was about fifty-four.

April 4.—Queen Victoria of Sweden dies at her winter home in Rome. She was nearly sixty-eight.

Police fire on a crowd of Indian railway strikers in Bombay, India, and injure thirty, including two European bystanders.

Gen. Ho Chien, commander of the Chinese regular forces, announces that he has undertaken the rescue of the one American and two British missionaries held captive by Chinese bandits.

April 5.—The French Senate ratifies the Young reparations plan, following similar action by the Chamber of Deputies.

April 6.—Mahatma Gandhi, Nationalist leader of India, arrives at the Gulf of Cambay to begin the manufacture of salt in violation of the law, and several of his followers, including his son, Ram Das Gandhi, are arrested.

April 7.—One rioter is killed and fifty are hurt when police fire on railway strikers at Bhusawal and Oorgaum, India.

DOMESTIC

April 2.—F. Scott McBride, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, testifies before the House Judiciary Committee that the wets have failed to prove their case; Deets Pickett, research secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, defends the Board's activities in behalf of Prohibition, and says that any change would severely shock the economic structure of the country, and a prepared statement attributed to Bishop James Cannon, Jr., says that those who openly rebel against the Prohibition law should be treated exactly as rebels against any other law.

The Treasury Department's final statement for March shows that income taxes

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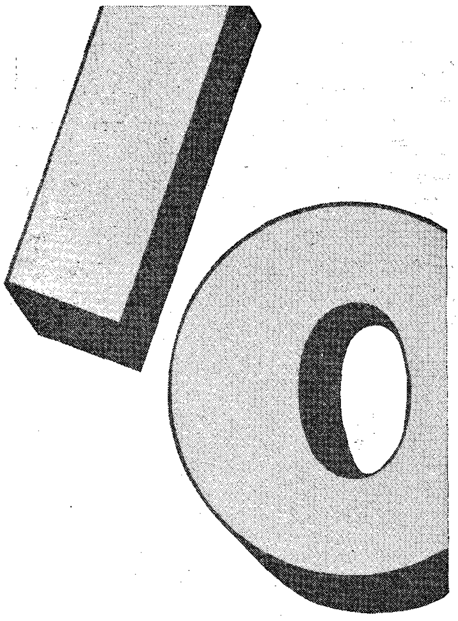

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aggregating $627,514,917 were collected during the first quarter of the present calendar year, sending the total for nine months of the fiscal year to $1,812,137,844, an increase of $125,574,244 over the same period of the previous fiscal year.

April 3.—President Hoover opens direct radio telephonic communication with South America, conversing with the Presidents of Chile and Uruguay through the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation's wireless station near Buenos Aires.

April 4.—John J. Raskob, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, testifies before the House Judiciary Committee that he has given about $65,000 to the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, that his donations had nothing to do with his activities as Democratic National Chairman, and that he had not used his post to aid the anti-Prohibition fight.

The Senate passes, 45 to 23, the Norris resolution providing for the operation of the $125,000,000 power plant at Muscle Shoals.

April 5.—The World War and its aftermath cost the United States approximately $51,400,000,000, according to figures compiled by the Treasury Department, which reports also that war costs and the annual bill for national defense make up about 66 per cent. of all government expenditures.

April 6.—Capt. Frank M. Hawks reaches New York from San Diego in a glider in tow of a plane piloted by J. G. Jernigin, Jr. The trip was made in six and one-half days.

The Department of Justice issues a statement showing that in the last six months of 1929 there were 26,811 Prohibition cases in the Federal courts, as against 27,575 for the corresponding period in 1928.

April 7.—Senator Brookhart, of Iowa, charges that Secretary Mellon "is conducting a campaign against Prohibition in the United States," and demands an investigation by the Senate; Senator Simmons of North Carolina criticizes John J. Raskob for his contributions to the anti-Prohibition cause, and suggests that he resign as Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and Attorney-General Mitchell tells the Senate Judiciary Committee that Prohibition is being better enforced under President Hoover than it was under former President Coolidge.

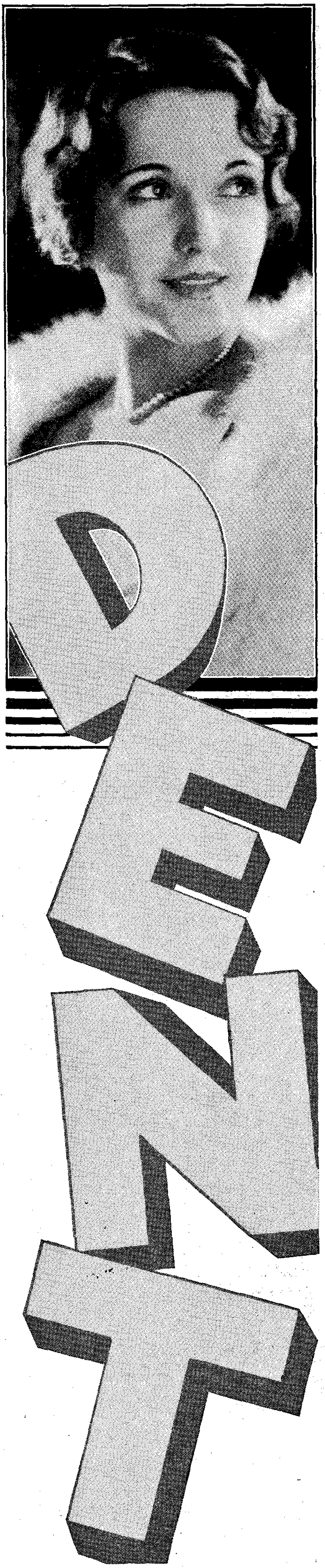
Birth-control is approved "in the interest of morality and sound scientific knowledge" by the New York East Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, meeting in Brooklyn.

William P. G. Harding, Governor of the Federal Reserve Board during the critical period of the World War, dies at Boston. He was sixty-five.

April 8.—Josephus Daniels, former Secretary of the Navy, insists before the Senate lobby investigating committee that John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, should resign because of his anti-Prohibition activities.

Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Representative-at-Large, wins the Republican nomination for the United States Senate from Illinois over Senator Charles S. Deneen.

Dr. William Henry Welch, "dean of American medicine," receives the acclaim of the world on his eightieth birthday, and hears President Hoover broadcast a tribute to him.



INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

CHEERING OVER THE TAX RETURNS

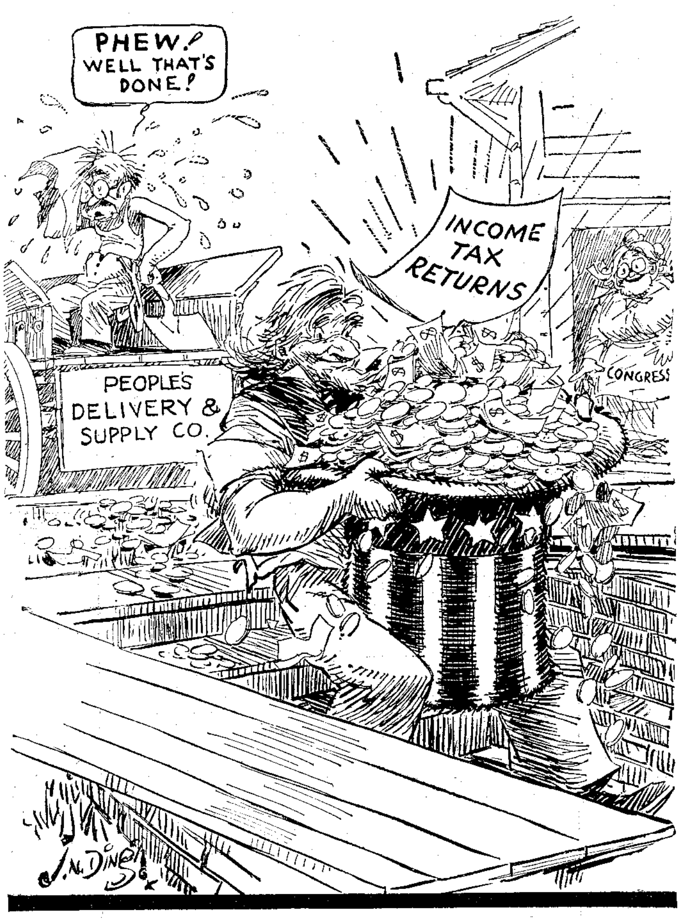
THEY HAVE BEEN WAITING, in Washington and in Wall Street, to find out whether the March income-tax returns are seriously affected by last year's stock-market crash and last winter's tax-rate cut.

The very cheerful figures now made public relieve all worries, and the thought that low taxes may continue adds cheer to a business situation already showing signs of improvement in increasing employment and renewed bullishness on the stock market.

Government officials are surprized and gratified to find income-tax collections for March, 1929, showing substantial surpluses over official estimates. Despite the stock-market disaster of last fall, despite the 1 per cent. cut in normal tax rates—

"Final tax figures for March made public at the Treasury showed income and corporation collections of $559,503,700, a reduction of $42,000,000 from last year, whereas a cut of from $50,000,000 to $70,000,000 had been anticipated."

And the same Washington dispatch to the New York *Journal of Commerce* goes on to say that "the large collection was attributed to the fact that apparently the 1 per cent. cut in normal tax rates did not result in the expected loss, that the stock-market crash did not eat substantially into individual taxable income, and that the corporation taxes showed very material gains, overcoming to a large degree other losses."



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LAYING IN THE YEAR'S SUPPLY

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune*.

"The result is most gratifying," declares President Hoover, tho he warns that the Government's financial situation "clearly calls for the most rigid economy."

"Considering all the factors involved, officials said that the large receipts were remarkable," says a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times*. "A surplus on June 30 now appears assured, altho officials pointed out that should the Farm Board spend all of the $100,000,000 made available recently in a deficiency appropriation the excess of receipts over expenditures might be as low as $50,000,000." Continuing:

> Maintenance of the tax rate 1 per cent. below the 1928 revenue act for normal incomes also remains a question. Considered alone, the productivity of the lower rate would easily justify a continuation of the 1 per cent. reduction, but two other important factors, business conditions the remaining nine months of the calendar year and possible increases in expenditures, must be considered. The Government has no wish to register a deficit.
>
> Lower tax rates tend to increase government receipts, through stimulation of business and greater profits for taxing, according to the experience in the past ten years, but this period has been one of outstanding prosperity.
>
> Lower rates on top of a business depression might result in serious revenue losses to the Government.
>
> Government receipts during the first nine months of the fiscal year totaled $3,042,150,971, an increase of $115,000,000 from the same period last year.
>
> There was only one important reduction, the customs receipts of $422,037,251 being $26,000,000 less. There has been a steady decline in customs receipts since the first of the year, and it appeared unlikely that the Treasury's estimate of $602,000,000 for the twelve months would be realized.
>
> Due to larger receipts of cigaret taxes, miscellaneous internal revenue collections up to March 31 amounted to $466,520,240, a gain of $16,000,000.
>
> Expenditures during the nine months did not increase as rapidly as receipts, having amounted to $2,932,209,145 for a gain of $65,000,000. The big jump in expenses was in the operation of the government departments, bureaus, and independent establishments, probably due chiefly to the establishment of the Farm Board.

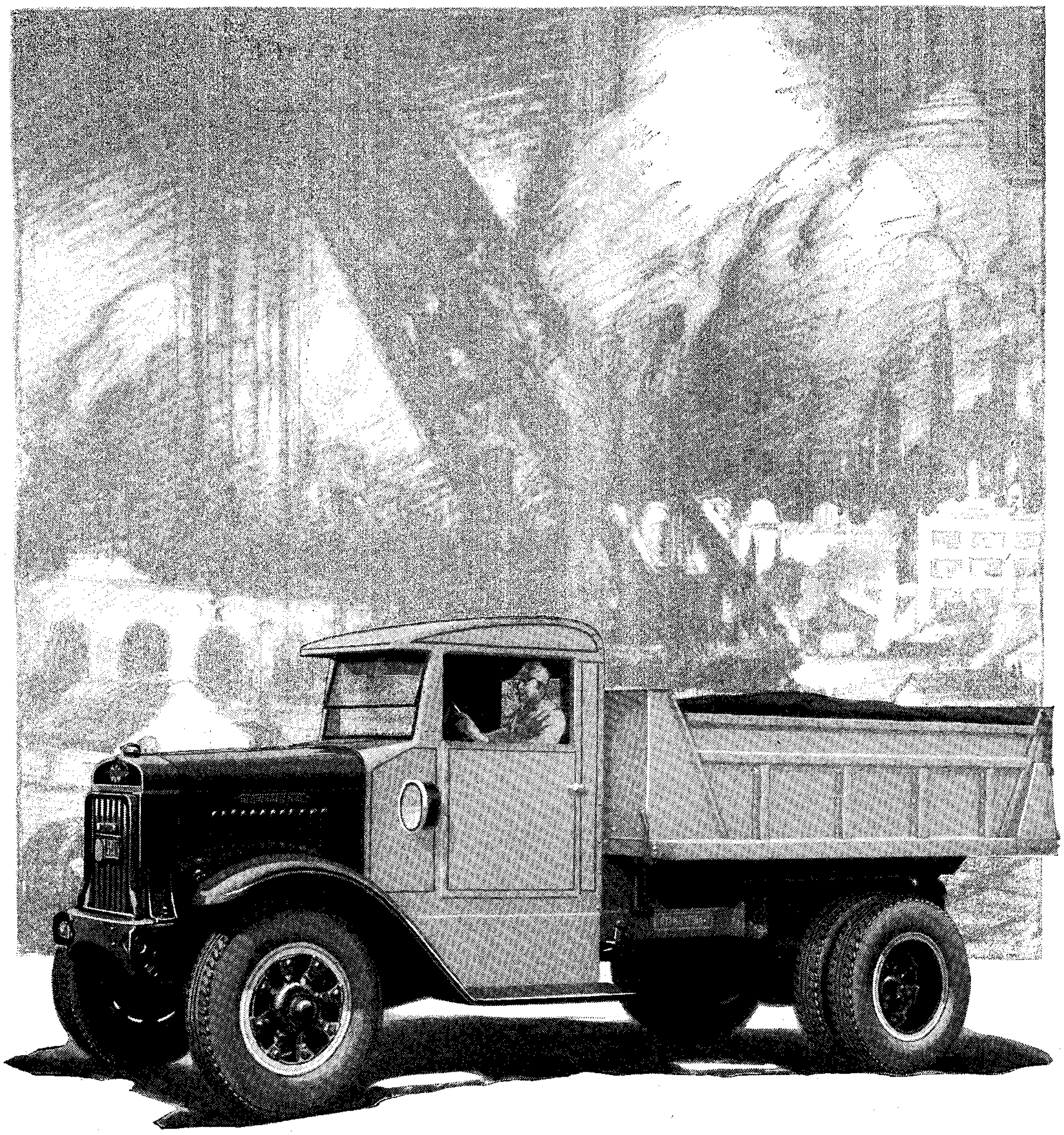
In an official statement on the tax returns, President Hoover says:

> They indicate that the unfavorable developments of last fall did not affect individual incomes to the extent that many had feared, nor did they prevent the corporations of the country from reporting for tax purposes a net income substantially in excess of that reported for the calendar year 1928.
>
> The Treasury seems to have estimated income-tax collections for the fiscal year 1930 with remarkable accuracy, and it is apparent that the tax-reduction enacted by the Congress was fully justified.
>
> The March tax collections indicate that income-tax revenue will actually aggregate $2,400,000,000, which, allowing $85,000,000 for tax-reduction, would correspond to $2,485,000,000 under the old rates.
>
> From the estimates and the current rate of expenditure it appears that we should be able to close the fiscal year ending the thirtieth of next June with a very moderate surplus.

"The major difficulty in prospect," the President says, "arises from the fact that bills already favorably reported by Congressional committees, if enacted into law, would entail an additional expenditure of nearly $300,000,000 next fiscal year, and as far as we can see to-day, inevitably result in a deficit." Then he adds this warning:

> The situation clearly calls for most rigid economy and deferment of even otherwise justifiable expenditures by both the executive and legislative departments.

"While there is much to be said in favor of a Treasury Department that can pull surpluses instead of deficits out of dark corners," remarks the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, "this yearly performance would be more impressive if it had not been repeated so often." Meanwhile, it adds, Congress and the Executive branches of the Government should heed the President's warning to go slow.



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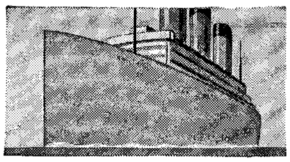

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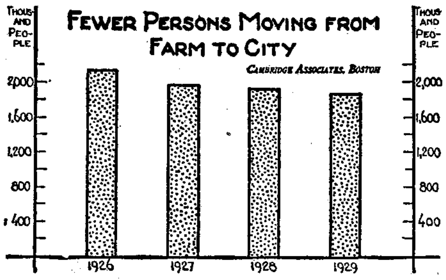
INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

THE FARM-TO-CITY RUSH SLOWING UP

"THE United States Bureau of Agricultural Economics reports considerably less migration from the farm to the city in 1929. The explanation may be better parking facilities and radio reception on the farm."

Thus comments *The Arkansas Gazette,* in Little Rock, on bureau estimates showing that the farm to-city movement took a further decline in 1929, amounting to 1,876,000 persons, as compared with 1,923,000 in 1928 and a peak of 2,155,000 in 1926.

"Possibly the effect of the automobile, the radio and the general adoption of improved farm machinery can be seen in this estimate," in the opinion of the Cambridge Associates, of Boston, whose summary continues:



A SLOWER RUSH FROM FARM TO CITY

> The statistics show that the largest percentage gain in the history of the farm machinery industry was made in 1926 over 1925, some months recording gains as high as 25 per cent. and 30 per cent. Similarly, in the production of automobiles and trucks, 1926 was a tremendous year.
>
> Detailed figures of the past year show that in New England, 67,000 persons left the farms, and 50,000 returned to farms; Middle Atlantic States, 139,000 from farms, 110,000 to farms; East North Central, 275,000 from farms, 204,000 to farms; West North Central, 327,000 from farms, 225,000 to farms; South Atlantic, 292,000 from farms, 162,000 to farms; East South Central, 204,000 from farms, 204,000 to farms; Mountain States, 127,000 from farms, 78,000 to farms; Pacific States, 114,000 from farms, 88,000 to farms.

If there was a decrease in the farm-to-city migration, "there was also a decrease in the number joining in the back-to-the-farm movement," observes the Anniston *Star,* in Alabama. Pointing out that "the total farm population decreased by more than a quarter of a million last year and the number leaving the country for the city exceeded those moving to the rural areas by more than 600,000," *The Star* says "it would seem that while the drift from farm to city may be slowing up, the back to the soil movement is also losing some of its appeal." It continues:

> Periods of industrial depression would be expected to slow up the movement from farm to the city. But on the other hand,

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e same condition would likely tend to rease the number moving from the in- strial areas to the farms. If the decrease the drift toward the cities means that onditions on the farms are becoming etter and that the people are more con- nted, it is an encouraging sign.

"A considerable duplication" in the overnment's figures is seen by the New ork *Sun*, which finds that the farmer who ent to the city in 1926 and returned to e farm in 1929 "is represented in the tistics for two different social symp- ms." Says *The Sun:*

> The Bureau of Agricultural Economics, hich annually makes an estimate of the rm population of the United States, fixes the figure for January 1 of the current year 27,222,000. It arrives at this figure by king its estimate for January 1, 1929, and aking certain additions and subtractions. o be added are 631,000 births on farms in 929 and 1,257,000 persons who moved to arms from towns and cities; to be sub- racted are 281,000 deaths on farms and ,876,000 persons who moved away from rms to cities and towns. The net loss to e farm population was 269,000. In the igration of families and individuals the rms lost 619,000 more than they gained, at an excess of births over deaths amount- g to 350,000 helped to offset this.
>
> The Department of Agriculture observes at the migration to and from the farm s of smaller volume in 1929 than for veral years previous. There must be a siderable duplication in the figures. e farmer who went to the city in 1926 d came back in 1929 is represented in e statistics for two different social symp- ns, but he remains the same individual. wever trustworthy the figures may be, it difficult to believe that one farm family every fourteen in 1929 pulled up stakes, t the farm and became irrevocably part the urban population. Human beings e more variable than statistics.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S BUDGET

HOW much money should a man have before he marries?

Five dollars? Five hundred? Five ousand?

This question springs up perennially, d it brings a variety of answers. "It all pends," is one. But even tho circum- ances alter individual cases there appears be agreement that the bridegroom-to-be ould have an "ample surplus." One up of prospective home-makers recently ashed the problem out at a lecture in e home preparedness course at the home- aking center of the New York State ederation of Women's Clubs, in New ork City. After a talk on the financial de of matrimony, the general discussion began and, according to the New York *Times*—

> One young man told of starting married life on $750. Another said he had had a little less than $2,500, which he found was not nearly enough. It was also agreed that a young married man's monthly rent should not be more than what he earns in one week. This rental was in accordance with he budget suggested by the home-making enter for a family of two on a weekly salary $50, which was approved.

Investment Advice

Advice is a term often used and often misunderstood. Analysis rather than advice, should be the first step in any investment decision. Every investor, before purchasing any type of securities should analyze thoroughly his own financial position.

Then when his own individual problems are clearly defined and understood, a competent investment organization should be consulted.

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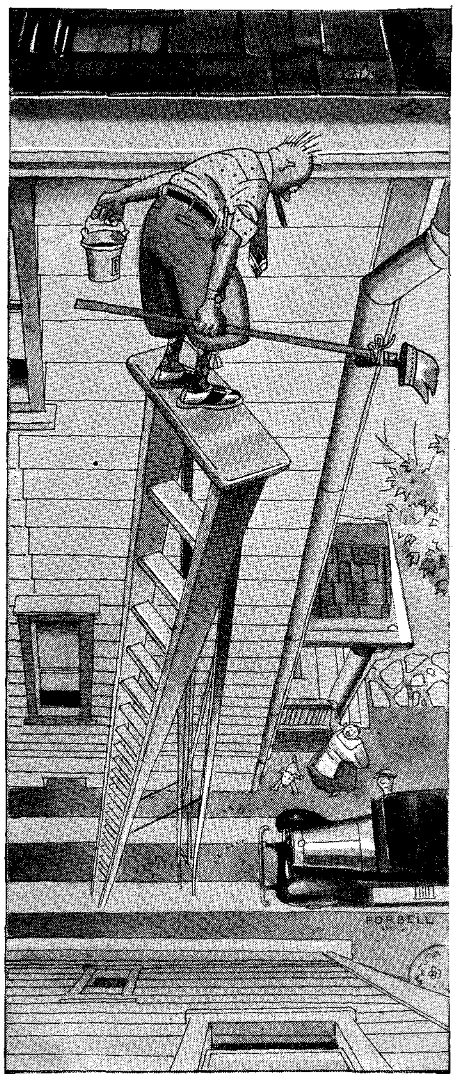

Does Spring "touchin' up" ever give you a funny feeling in the pit of your stomach?

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Weaning Mother.—"My wife used to play the piano a lot, but since the children came she doesn't have time."

"Children are a comfort, aren't they?" —*Kentish Observer.*

Speed Hog.—In days of yore, if anybody missed a stage-coach, he was contented to wait two or three days for the next one. Now he lets out a squawk if he misses one section of a revolving door.—*Activities.*

Reward of Reticence.—"But surely," cried Jean, "you didn't tell him straight out that you loved him?"

"Goodness, no," Mildred said calmly. "He had to squeeze it out of me."—*Buffalo News.*

Without Sauce.—Rastus—"Ef yo' says anything ter me Ah'll make yo' eat yo' words, man."

Exodus—"Chicken dumplings, hot biscuits, and watermelon."—*The Pathfinder.*

Shocking Example.—Reformer (to prostrated man)—"And so this is the work of rum, is it?"

Prostrated Man—"No, sir; this is the work of a banana-skin, sir."—*New Bedford Standard.*

Gentle Reminder.—Mother—"Mabel's young man has taken offense at something. Have you said anything to him?"

Father—"Not a word. I haven't seen him since I posted him the last quarter's gas account."—*Leeds Mercury.*

Free and Baptized.—"What is your religion?" the recruit was asked.

Promptly and smartly came the answer, "Militia, sir."

"No, no, I said 'religion.'"

"Oh, 'religion,' sir. I beg your pardon. I'm a plumber."—*Boston Transcript.*

Less Light, More Delight.—Mother—"What do you say to a fine cake for your birthday, with ten candles on top, one for each year of your age?"

Teddy—"Oh, but look here, mum, I've got a better idea! Why not one candle, with ten cakes for my age?"—*Pearson's.*

Songbirds for Lunch.—Guest—"Only once in history has the personality of a great singer inspired a great chef in the naming of a masterpiece—when we got the pêche Melba."

Flapper—"Oh, but I'm sure you're wrong there. What about the oyster Patti?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Tips for Sports Writers.—The runner was as safe as a quart of grape-juice at a college prom.

The second-baseman couldn't catch a cold in Siberia.

Whoosis lifted a fly that was higher than a diamond necklace at Tiffany's.

The umpire was blinder than an earthworm in a London fog.

The home team got more runs than a pair of silk stockings in a bramble patch.

The game was tighter than a Pullman car window.

The twirler had as many curves as Ziegfeld's chorus.

The stands were as crowded as a sophomore's runabout.—*Judge.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Tiger Outside?—STRAYED—December 29, half-grown tiger and white pet kitten.—*Eugene (Ore.) paper.*

Young Methuselah.—Eddie Izydorzoak will spend 215 years to life at Auburn —*Ottawa Evening Citizen.*

Might Suit Some Families.—On concrete highway, four rooms, ideal for chickens, cows or hogs.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Speaking Frankly.—The indictments were the outgrowth of investigations by infernal revenue agents.—*Syracuse Standard.*

Help Yourself.—Doctors say there is a considerable amount of chicken-pox available among children in town.—*Connecticut paper.*

Jane de Luxe.—Bookkeeper and Typist, thoroughly experienced. Prefer one with silk underwear.—*Ad in the New York Times.*

Nice of Her to Bother.—Stuart, Florida. —A twenty-two-year-old woman saved three bothers from drowning yesterday.—*Indianapolis Star.*

More About That Climate.—xPrecipitation, 5 a. m. to 5 p. m. u4.. ETAOINSHRDLU CMFWYP — X. —*Weather report in Los Angeles Times.*

Some Cat.—

SNAKE CHASES MOOSE
BUT THE CAT GETS IT
—*Detroit News.*

Wait Till We Fix Our Glasses.—ESSEX COACH, 1929, nearly new, 6,000 miles only. Will sell at the ridiculous price of $675,000. See the bargain?—*Montreal Star.*

Favored by Mars.—The fair grounds admirably lends itself as a cavalry mobilization center because of its geographical location and its stabbing facilities.—*Syracuse Journal.*

Multiplying the Unemployed.—Congress should grant the 100 per cent. rate to encourage the people to raise rabbits who need employment.—*Las Cruces (N. M.) Rio Grande Farmer.*

Elevator or Toboggan?—Paganini, who is the hero of the story he tells in the "Soirées de l'Orchestre," had died at Nice preparatory to setting out on the most remarkable tour ever undertaken.—*London Times.*

Waiting for the Dinner Bell.—

RETAILERS WILL
EAT REGULARLY
TWICE A MONTH
—*Burlington (Kans.) Republican.*

Cock-a-doodle-doo!—

Groveland Man
Is High in Egg-
Laying Contest
—*Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze.*